







---

**RINGAN GILHAIZE;**

**OR**

**THE COVENANTERS.**

---

EDINBURGH :  
PRINTED BY OLIVER & BOYD,  
HIGH STREET.

# RINGAN GILHAIZE;

OR

## THE COVENANTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“ANNALS OF THE PARISH,” “SIR ANDREW  
WYLIE,” “THE ENTAIL,” &c.

Their constancy in torture and in death,—  
These on Tradition's tongue still live, these shall  
Our History's honest page be pictured bright  
To latest times.

GRAHAME'S SABBATH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

EDINBURGH :

PRINTED FOR OLIVER & BOYD, HIGH STREET;  
AND G. & W. B. WHITTAKER, LONDON.

---

1823.



# RINGAN GILHAIZE

---

## CHAP. I.



I WAS conducted into a straight and dark chamber, and the cord wherewith my hands were bound was untied, and a shackle put upon my right wrist; the flesh of my left was so galled with the cord, that the jailor was softened at the sight, and from the humanity of his own nature, refrained from placing the iron on it, lest the rust should fester the quick wound.

Then I was left alone in the gloomy solitude of the prison-room, and the ponderous doors were shut upon me, and the harsh bolts driven with a horrid grating noise, that caused my very bones to dinle. But even in



that dreadful hour an unspeakable consolation came with the freshness of a breathing of the airs of paradise to my soul. Methought a wonderful light shone around me, that I heard melodious voices bidding me be of good cheer, and that a vision of my saintly grandfather, in the glorious vestments of his heavenly attire, stood before me, and smiled upon me with that holy comeliness of countenance which has made his image in my remembrance ever that of the most venerable of men ; so that, in the very depth of what I thought would have been the pit of despair, I had a delightful taste of those blessed experiences of divine aid, by which the holy martyrs were sustained in the hours of trial, and cheered amidst the torments in which they sealed the truth of their testimony.

After the favour of that sweet and celestial encouragement, I laid myself down on a pallet in the corner of the room, and a gracious sleep descended upon my eyelids, and steeped

the sense and memory of my griefs in forgetfulness. When I awoke the day was far spent, and the light through the iron stainchers of the little window showed that the shadows of the twilight were darkening over the world. I raised myself on my elbow, and listened to the murmur of the multitude that I heard still lingering around the prison ; and sometimes I thought that I discovered the voice of a friend.

In that situation, and thinking of all those dear cares which filled my heart with tenderness and fear, and of the agonizing grief of my little boy, the sound of whose cries still echoed in my bosom, I rose upon my knees and committed myself entirely to the custody of Him that can give the light of liberty to the captive even in the gloom of the dungeon. And when I had done so, I again prepared to lay myself on the ground ; but a rustle in the darkness of the room drew my attention, and in the same moment a kind hand was laid on mine.

“ Sarah Lochrig,” said I, for I knew my wife’s gentle pressure,—“ How is it that you are with me in this doleful place? How found you entrance, and I not hear you come in?”

But before she had time to make any answer, another’s fond arms were round my neck, and my affectionate young Michael wept upon my shoulder.

Bear with me, courteous reader, when I think of those things,—that wife and that child, and all that I loved so fondly, are no more! But it is not meet that I should yet tell how my spirit was turned into iron and my heart into stone. Therefore will I still endeavour to relate, as with the equanimity of one that writes but of indifferent things, what further ensued during the thirteen days of my captivity.

Sarah Lochrig, with the mildness of her benign voice, when we had mingled a few tears, told me, that after I went to Galloway

with Martha Swinton, she had been moved by our neighbours to come with our children into the town, as being safer for a lanerly woman and a family left without its head ; and a providential thing it was that she had done so ; for on the very night that my brother came off with the men of the parish to join us, as I have noted down in its proper place, a gang of dragoons plundered both his house and mine ; and but that our treasures had been timeously removed, his family having also gone that day into Kilmarnock, the outrages might have been unspeakable.

We then had some household discourse, anent what was to be done in the event of things coming to the worst with me ; and it was an admiration to hear with what constancy of reason, and the gifts of a supported judgment, that gospel-hearted woman spoke of what she would do with her children, if it was the Lord's pleasure to honour me with the crown of martyrdom.

“ But,” said she, “ I have an assurance within that some great thing is yet in store for you, though the hope be clouded with a doubt that I’ll no be spar’t to see it, and therefore let us not despond at this time, but use the means that Providence may afford to effect your deliverance.”

While we were thus conversing together the doors of the prison-room were opened, and a man was let in who had a crucifix in the one hand and a basket in the other. He was lean and pale-faced, bordering on forty years, and of a melancholy complexion ; his eye was quick, deep set, and a thought wild ; his long hair was carefully combed smooth, and his apparel was singularly well composed for a person of his degree.

Having set down the lamp on the floor, he came in a very reverential manner towards where I was sitting, with my right hand fettered to the ground, between Sarah Lochrig and Michael our son, and he said, with a

remarkable and gentle simplicity of voice, in the Highland accent, that he had been requested by a righteous woman, Provost Reid's wife, to bring me a bottle of cordial wine and some little matters, that I might require for bodily consolation.

“It's that godly creature, Willie Sutherland the hangman,” said my wife. “Though Providence has dealt hardly with him, poor man, in this life, every body says he has gotten arles of a servitude in glory hereafter.”

When he had placed the basket at the knees of Michael, he retired to a corner of the room, and stood in the shadow, with his face turned towards the wall, saying, “I'm concern't that it's no in my power to leave you to yoursels till Mungo Robeson come back, for he has lockit me in, but I'll no hearken to what you may say;” and there was a modesty of manner in the way that he said this, which made me think it not possible he could be of so base a vocation as the pub-

lic executioner, and I whispered my opinion of him to Sarah Lochrig. It was, however, the case; and verily in the life and conduct of that simple and pious man there was a manifestation of the truth, that to him whom the Lord favours it signifieth not whatsoever his earthly condition may be.

After I had partaken with my wife and son of some refreshment which they had brought with them, and tasted of the wine that Provost Reid's lady had sent, we heard the bolts of the door drawn, and the clanking of keys, at which Willie Sutherland came forward from the corner where he had stood during the whole time, and lifting the lamp from the floor, and wetting his fore-finger with spittle as he did so, he trimmed the wick, and said, "The tinx's come when a' persons not prisoners must depart forth the tolbooth for the night; but, Master Gilhaize, be none discomforted thereat, your wife and your little one will come back in the morning, and your

lot is a lot of pleasure; for is it not written in the book of Ecclesiastes, fourth and eighth,

There is one alone, and there is not a second; yea, he hath neither child nor brother? and such an one am I."

The inner door was thrown open, and Mungo Robeson, looking in, said, "I'm wae to molest you, but ye'll hae to come out, Mrs Gilhaize." So that night we were separated; and when Sarah Lochrig was gone, I could not but offer thanksgiving that my lines had fallen in so pleasant a place, compared with the fate of my poor brother, suffering among strangers in the doleful prison of Glasgow, under the ravenous eyes of the prelate of that city, then scarcely less hungry for the bodies of the faithful and the true, than even the apostate James Sharp himself.



## CHAP. II.

THE deep sleep into which I had fallen when Sarah Lochrig and my son were admitted to see me, and during the season of which they had sat in silence beside me till revived nature again unsealed my eyes, was so refreshing, that after they were gone away I was enabled to consider my condition with a composed mind, and free from the heats of passion and anxiety wherewith I had previously been so greatly tossed. And calling to mind all that had taken place, and the ruthless revenge with which the cruel prelates were actuated, I saw, as it were written in a book, that for my part and conduct I was doomed to die. I felt not, however, the sense of guilt in my conscience; and I said to myself, that this sore thing ought not to be, and that, as an innocent man and the

head of a family, I was obligated by all expedient ways to escape, if it were possible, from the grasps of the tyranny. So from that time, the first night of my imprisonment, I set myself to devise the means of working out my deliverance; and I was not long without an encouraging glimmer of hope.

It seemed to me, that in the piety and simplicity of Willie Sutherland, instruments were given by which I might break through the walls of my prison; and accordingly, when he next morning came in to see me, I failed not to try their edge. I entered into discourse with him, and told him of many things which I have recorded in this book, and so won upon his confidence and the singleness of his heart, that he shed tears of grief at the thought of so many blameless men being ordained to an untimely end.

“It has pleased God,” said he, “to make me as it were a leper and an excommunicant in this world, by the constraints of a low

estate, and without any fault of mine. But for this temporal ignominy, He will, in His own good time, bestow an exceeding great reward;—and though I may be called on to fulfil the work of the persecutors, it shall yet be seen of me, that I will abide by the integrity of my faith, and that, poor despised hangman as I am, I have a conscience that will not brook a task of iniquity, whatsoever the laws of man may determine, or the King's judges decree.”

I was, as it were, rebuked by this proud religious declaration, and I gently inquired how it was that he came to fall into a condition so rejected of the world.

“Deed, sir,” said he, “my tale is easy told. My parents were very poor needful people in Strathnavar, and no able to keep me; and it happened that, being cast on the world, I became a herd, and year by year, having a desire to learn the Lowland tongue, I got in that way as far as Paisley,

where I fell into extreme want and was almost famished; for the master that I served there being in debt, ran away, by which cause I lost my penny-fee, and was obligated to beg my bread. At that time many worthy folk in the shire of Renfrew having suffered great molestation from witchcraft, divers malignant women, suspectit of that black art, were brought to judgment, and one of them being found guilty, was condemned to die. But no executioner being in the town, I was engaged, by the scriptural counsel of some honest men, who quoted to me the text, ‘Suffer not a witch to live,’ to fulfil the sentence of the law. After that I bought a Question-book, having a mind to learn to read, that I might gain some knowledge of THE WORD. Finding, however, the people of Paisley scorn at my company, so that none would give me a lesson, I came about five years since to Irvine, where the folk are more charitable; and here I act the part of an executioner when there is any

malefactor to put to death. But my Bible has instructed me, that I ought not to execute any save such as deserve to die; so that, if ye should be condemned, as like is you will be, my conscience will ne'er allow me to execute you, for I see you are a Christian man."

I was moved with a tender pity by the tale of the simple creature; but a strong necessity was upon me, and it was needful that I should make use of his honesty to help me out of prison. So I spoke still more kindly to him, lamenting my sad estate, and that in the little time I had in all likelihood to live, the rigour of the jailor would allow but little intercourse with my family, wishing some compassionate Christian friend would intercede with him in order that my wife and children, if not permitted to bide all night, might be allowed to remain with me as long and as late as possible.

The pious creature said that he would do for me in that respect all in his power, and

that, as Mungo Robeson was a sober man, and I wanted to go home early to his family, he would bide in the tolbooth to let out my wife, though it should be till ten o'clock at night,—“for,” said he piteously, “I hae nae family to care about.”

Accordingly he so set himself, that Mungo Robeson consented to leave the keys of the tolbooth with him ; and for several nights every thing was so managed that he had no reason to suspect what my wife and I were plotting ; for he being of a modest and retiring nature, never spoke to her when she parted from me, save when she thanked him as he let her out ; and that she did not do every night, lest it should grow into a habit of expectation with him, and cause him to remark when the civility was omitted.

In the meantime all things being concerted between us, through the mean of a friend a cart was got in readiness, loaded with seemingly a hogget of tobacco and grocery wares,

but the hogget was empty and loose in the head.

This was all settled by the nineteenth of December; on the twenty-fourth of the month the Commissioners appointed to try the Covenanters in the prisons throughout the shire of Ayr were to open their court at Ayr, and I was, by all who knew of me, regarded in a manner as a dead man. On the night of the twentieth, however, shortly before ten o'clock, James Gottera, our friend, came with the cart in at the town-head port, and in going down the gait stopped, as had been agreed, to give his beast a drink at the trough of the crosswell, opposite the tolbooth-stair foot.

When the clock struck ten, the time appointed, I was ready dressed in my wife's apparel, having, in the course of the day, broken the chain of the shackle on my arm; and the door being opened by Willie Sutherland in the usual manner, I came out, holding a napkin to my face, and weeping in

sincerity very bitterly, with the thought of what might ensue to Sarah Lochrig, whom I left behind in my place.

In reverence to my grief the honest man said nothing, but walked by my side till he had let me out at the outer-stair head-door, where he parted from me, carrying the keys to Mungo Robeson's house, ancath the tolbooth, while I walked towards James Gottera's cart, and was presently in the inside of the hogget.

With great presence of mind and a soldierly self-possession, that venturous friend then drew the horse's head from the trough, and began to drive it down the street to the town-end port, striving as he did so to whistle, till he was rebuked for so doing, as I heard, by an old woman then going home, who said to him that it was a shame to hear such profanity in Irvine when a martyr doomed to die was lying in the tolbooth. To the which he replied scoffingly, "that martyr was a new name for a sworn



rebel to king and country,"—words which so kindled the worthy woman's ire, that she began to ban his prelatie ungodliness to such a degree that a crowd collected, which made me tremble. For the people sided with the zealous carlin, and spoke<sup>d</sup> fiercely, threatening to gar James Gottera ride the stang for his sinfulness in so traducing persecuted Christians. What might have come to pass is hard to say, had not Providence been pleased, in that most critical and perilous time, to cause a foul lum in a thacket house in the Seagate to take fire, by which an alarm was spread that drew off the mob, and allowed James Gottera to pass without farther molestation out at the town-end port.

## CHAP. III.

FROM the time of my evasion from the toll-booth, and during the controversy between James Gottera and the mob in the street, there was a whirlwind in my mind that made me incapable of reason. But when we had passed thorough the town-end port, and the cart had stopped at the minister's carse till I could throw off my female weeds and put on a sailor's garb, provided for the occasion, tongue nor pen cannot express the passion wherewith my yearning soul was then affected.

The thought of having left Sarah Lochrig within bolts and bars, a ready victim to the tyranny which so thirsted for blood, lightened within me as the lightnings of heaven in a storm. I threw myself on the ground,—I grasped the earth,—I gathered myself as it

were into a knot, and howled with horror at my own selfish baseness. I sprung up, and cried, "I will save her yet!" and I would have run instanter to the town; but the honest man who was with me laid his grip firmly upon my arm, and said in a solemn manner—

"This is no Christian conduct, Ringan Gilhaize; the Lord has not forgotten to be gracious."

I glowered upon him, as he has often since told me, with a shudder, and cried, "But I hae left Sarah Lochrig in their hands, and, like a coward, run away to save mysel."

"Compose yoursel, Ringan, and let us reason together," was his discreet reply. "It's vera true ye hae come away and left your wife as it weré an hostage in the prison, but the persecutors and oppressors will respek the courageous affection of a loving wife, and Providence will put it in their hearts to spare her."

"And if they do not, what shall I then

be? and what's to become of my babies?—  
“Lord, Lord, thou hast tried me beyond my strength!”

And I again threw myself on the earth, and cried that it might open and swallow me; for, thinking but of myself, I was become unworthy to live.

The considerate man stood over me in compassionate silence for a season, and allowed me to rave in my frenzy till I had exhausted myself.

“Ringan,” said he at last, “ye were aye respektit as a thoughtful and discreet character, and I’ll no blame you for this sorrow; but I entreat you to collek yoursel, and think what’s best to be done, for what avails in trouble the ery of alas, alas! or the shedding of many tears? Your wife is in prison, but for a fault that will wring compassion even frae the brazen heart of the remorseless James Sharp, and bring back the blood of humanity to the mansworn breast of Charles

Stuart. But though it were not so, they daurna harm a hair of her head; for there are things, man, that the cruellest dread to do for fear o' the world, even when they hae lost the fear o' God. I count her far safer, Ringan, frae the rage o' the persecutors, where she lies in prison aneath their bolts and bars, than were she free in her own house; for it obligates them to deal wi' her openly and afore mankind, whose good-will the worst of princes and prelates are, from an inward power, forced to respek; whereas, were she sitting lanerly and defenceless, wi' naebody near bnt only your four helpless wee birds, there's no saying what the gleds might do. Therefore be counselled, my frien', and dinna gi'e yoursel up utterly to despair; but, like a man, for whom the Lord has already done great things, mak use of the means which, in this jeopardy of a' that's sae dear to you, he has so graciously put in your power."

I felt myself in a measure heartened by

this exhortation, and rising from the ground, completed the change I had begun in my apparel; but I was still unable to speak,—which he observing, said—

“Hae ye considered the airt ye ought now to take, for it canna be that ye’ll think of bidding in this neighbourhood?”

“No; not in this land,” I exclaimed; “would that I might not even in this life!”

“Whisht! Ringan Gilhaize, that’s a sinful wish for a Christian,” said a compassionate voice at my side, which made us both start; and on looking round we saw a man who, during the earnestest of our controversy, had approached close to us unobserved.

It was that gospel-teacher, my fellow-sufferer, Mr Witherspoon; and his sudden apparition at that time was a blessed accident, which did more to draw my thoughts from the anguish of my affections than any thing it was possible for James Gottera to have said.

He was then travelling in the cloud of

night to the town, having, after I parted from him in Lanerkshire, endured many hardships and perils, and his intent was to pass to his friends, in order to raise a trifle of money to transport himself for a season into Ireland.

But James Gottera, on hearing this, interposed his opinion, and said, a rumour was abroad that in all ports and towns of embarkation orders were given to stay the departure of passengers, so that to a surety he would be taken if he attempted to quit the kingdom.

By this time my mind had returned into something like a state of sobriety ; so I told him how it had been concerted between me and Sarah Lochrig, that I should pass over to the wee Cumbrae, there to wait till the destroyers had passed by ; for it was thought not possible that such an inordinate thirst for blood, as had followed upon our discomfiture at Rullion-green, could be of a long conti-

nuance ; and I beseeched him to come with me, telling him that I was provided with a small purse of money in case need should require it, but in the charitable hearts of the pious we might count on a richer store.

Accordingly we agreed to join our fortunes again ; and having parted from James Gottera at Kilwinning, we went on our way together, and my heart was refreshed by the kind admonitions and sweet converse of my companion, though ever and anon the thought of my wife in prison, and our defenceless lambs, shot like a fiery arrow through my bosom. But man is by nature a sordid creature, and the piercing December blast, the threatening sky, and the frequent shower, soon knit up my thoughts with the care of my worthless self : maybe there was in that the tempering hand of a beneficent Providence ; for when I have at divers times since considered how much the anguish of my inner sufferings exceeded the bodily molestation, I



could not but confess, though it was with a humbled sense of my own selfishness, that it was well for me, in such a time, to be so respite<sup>d</sup> from the upbraidings of my tortured affections.

But not to dwell on the specialties of my own feelings on that memorable night, let it suffice, that after walking some four or five miles towards Pencorse ferry, where we meant to pass to the island, I became less and less attentive to the edifying discourse of Mr Witherspoon, and his nature also yielding to the influences of the time, we travelled along the bleak and sandy shore between Ardrossan and Kilbride hill without the interchange of conversation. The wind came wild and gurdy from the sea,—the waves broke heavily on the shore,—and the moon swiftly wading the cloud, threw over the dreary scene a wandering and ghastly light. Often to the blast we were obligated to turn our backs, and the rain being in our faces, we little heeded each other.

In that state, so like sullenness, we had journeyed onward, it might be better than a mile, when, happening to observe something lying on the shore as if it had been cast out by the sea, I cried under a sense of fear—

“ Stop, Mr Witherspoon ; what’s that ? ”

In the same moment he uttered a dreadful sound of horror, and on looking round, I saw we were three in company.

“ In the name of Heaven,” exclaimed Mr Witherspoon, “ who and what are you that walk with us ? ”

But instanter our fears and the mystery of the appearance were dispelled, for it was my brother.

## CHAP. IV.

“ WEEL, Ringan,” said my brother, “ we have met again in this world ; it’s a blessing I never looked for ;” and he held out his two hands to take hold of mine, but the broken links of the shackle still round my wrist made him cry out—

“ What’s this ?—Whare hae ye come frae ? but I needna inquire.”

“ I have broken out of the tolbooth o’ Irvine,” said I, “ and I am fleeing here with Mr Witherspoon.”

“ I too,” replied my brother mournfully, “ hae escaped from the hands of the persecutors.”

We then entered into some conversation concerning what had happened to us respectively, from the fatal twenty-eighth of No-

vember, when our power and host were scattered on Rullion-green, wherein Mr Witherspoon, with me, rehearsed to him the accidents herein set forth, with the circumstantial of some things that befell the godly man after I left him with the corpse of the baby in his arms; but which being in some points less of an adventurous nature than had happened to myself, I shall be pardoned by the courteous reader for not enlarging upon it at greater length. I should however here note, that Mr Witherspoon was not so severely dealt with as I was; for though an outcast and a fugitive, yet he was not a prisoner; on the contrary, under the kindly cover of the Lady Auchterfardel, whose excellent and truly covenanted husband was a sore sufferer by the fines of the year 1662, he received great hospitality for the space of sixteen days, and was saved between two feather beds, on the top of which the laird's aged mother, a bedrid woman, was laid, when some of Drum-

mond's men searched the house on an information against him.

But disconsolatory as it was to hear of such treatment of a gospel-minister, though lightened by the reflection of the saintly constancy that was yet to be found in the land, and among persons too of the Lady of Auchterfardel's degree, and severe as the trials were, both of body and mind, which I had myself undergone, yet were they all as nothing compared to the hardships of my brother, a man of a temperate sobriety of manner, bearing all changes with a serene countenance and a placable mind, while feeling them in the uttermost depths of his capacious affections.

“On the night of the battle,” said he, “it would not be easy of me to tell which way I went, or what ensued, till I found myself with three destitute companions on the skirts of the town of Falkirk. By that time the morning was beginning to dawn, and we perceived not that we had approached so nigh

unto any bigget land; as the day, however, broke, the steeple caught our eye, and we halted to consider what we ought to do. And as we were then standing in a field diffident to enter the town, a young woman came from a house that stands a little way off the road, close to Graham's dyke, driving a cow to grass with a long staff, which I the more remarked as such, because it was of the Indian cane, and virled with silver, and headed with ivory.

“ ‘Sirs,’ said Menie Adams, for that was the damsel's name, ‘I see what ye are, but I'll no speir; howsever, be ruled by me, and gang na near the town of Falkirk this morning, for atwish the hours of dark and dawn there has been a congregation o' horses and men, and other sediments o' war, that I hae a notion there's owre meikle o' the King's power in the place for any Covenanter to enter in, save under the peril o' penalties. But come wi' me, and I'll go back wi' you,

and in our hay-loft you may scog yoursels till the gloaming.'

"Who could have thought," said my brother, "that in such discourse from a young woman, not passing four and twenty years of age, and of a pleasant aspect, any guilty stratagem of blood was hidden!"

He and his friends never questioned her truth, but went with her, and she conducted them to her father's house, and lodged them in the hay-loft.

It seems that Menie Adams was, however, at the time betrothed to the prelatie curate that had been laid upon the parish, and that, in consequence, aneath her courtesy, she had concealed a very treacherous and wicked intent. For no sooner had she got my brother and his three companions into the hay-loft, than she lies herself away to the town, and, in the hope of pleasing her prelatie lover, informs the captain of the troop there of the birds she had ensnared.

As soon as the false woman had thus committed the sin of perfidy, she went to the curate to brag how she had done a service to his cause; but he, though of the prelatie germination, being yet a person who had some reverence for truth and the gentle mercies of humanity, was so disturbed by her unwomanly disposition, that he bade her depart from his presence for ever, and ran with all possible speed to waken the poor men whom she had so betrayed.

On his way to the house he saw a party of the soldiers, whom their officer, as in duty bound, was sending to seize the unsuspecting sleepers, and running on before them, he just got forward in time to give the alarm. My brother and one of them, Esau Wardrop, the wife's brother of James Gottera, who had been so instrumental in my evasion, were providentially enabled to get out and flee; but the other two were taken by the soldiers and carried to prison.



The base conduct of that Menie Adams, as we some years after heard, did not go long unvisited by the displeasure of Heaven; for some scent of her guilt taking wind, the whole town, in a sense, grew wud against her, and she was mobbet, and the wells pumped upon her by the enraged multitude; and she never recovered from the handling that she therein suffered.

My brother and Esau Wardrop, on getting into the open fields, made all the speed they could, like the panting hart when pursued by the hunter, and distrusting the people of that part of the country, they travelled all day, not venturing to approach any recking house. Towards gloaming, however, being hungry and faint, the craving of nature overcame their fears, and they went up to a house where they saw a light burning.

As they approached the door they faltered a little in their resolution, for they heard the dissonance of riot and revelry within.

Their need, however, was great, and the importunities of hunger would not be pacified; so they knocked, and the door was soon opened by a soldier, the party within being a horde of Dalziel's men, living at free quarters in the house of that excellent Christian and much-persecuted man, the Laird of Ringlewood.

## CHAP. V.

THE moment that the man, who came to the door saw, by the glimpse of the light, that both my brother and Esau Wardrop had swords at their sides, he uttered a cry of alarm, thinking the house was surrounded; at which all the riotous soldiers within flew to their arms, while the man who opened the door seized my brother by the throat and harl't him in. The panic, however, was but of short duration; for my brother soon expounded that they were two perishing men who came to surrender themselves; so the door was again opened, and Esau Wardrop commanded to come in.

“ It's but a justice to say of those rampageous troopers,” said my brother, “ that, considering us as prisoners of war, they were

free and kind enough, though they mocked at our cause, and derided the equipage of our warfare. But it was a humiliating sight to see in what manner they deported themselves towards the unfortunate family."

Ringlewood himself, who had remonstrated against their insolence to his aged leddy, they had tied in his arm-chair and placed at the head of his own table, round which they sat carousing, and singing the roister ribaldry of camp-songs. At first, when my brother was taken into this scene of military domination, he did not observe the laird; for in the uproar of the alarm the candles had been over-set and broken, but new ones being sworn for and stuck into the necks of the bottles of the wine they were lavishly drinking, he discovered him lying as it were asleep where he sat, with his head averted, and his eyes shut on the iniquity of the scene of oppression with which he was oppressed.

Some touch of contrition had led one of

the soldiers to take the aged matron under his care; and on his intercession she was not placed at the table, but allowed to sit in a corner, where she mourned in silence, with her hands clasped together, and her head bent down over them upon her breast. The laird's grandson and heir, a stripling of some fifteen years or so, was obligated to be page and butler, for all the rest of the house had taken to the hills at the approach of the troopers.

As the drinking continued the riot increased, and the rioters growing heated with their drink, they began to quarrel: fierce words brought angry answers, and threats were followed by blows. Then there was an interposition, and a shaking of hands, and a pledging of renewed friendship.

But still the demon of the drink continued to grow stronger and stronger in their kindling blood, and the tumult was made perfect by one of the men, in the capering of his ine-

briety, rising from his seat, and taking the old ledly by the toupie to raise her head as he rudely placed his foul cup to her lips. This called up the ire of the fellow who had sworn to protect her, and he, not less intoxicated than the insulter, came staggering to defend her; a scuffle ensued, the insulter was cast with a swing away, and falling against the laird, who still remained as it were asleep, with his head on his shoulder, and his eyes shut, he overthrew the chair in which the old gentleman sat fastened, and they both fell to the ground.

The soldier, frantic with wine and rage, was soon, like a tiger, on his adversary; the rest rose to separate them. Some took one side, some another; bottles were seized for weapons, and the table was overthrown in the hurricane. Their serjeant, who was as drunk as the worst of them, tried in vain to call them into order, but they heeded not his call; which so enraged him, that he swore they

should shift their quarters, and with that seizing a burning brand from the chumla, he ran into a bedchamber that opened from the room where the riot was raging, and set fire to the curtains.

My brother seeing the flames rising, and that the infuriated war-wolves thought only of themselves, ran to extricate Ringlewood from the cords with which he was tied ; and calling to the leddy and her grandson to quit the burning house, every one was soon out of danger from the fire.

The sense of the soldiers was not so overborne by their drink as to prevent them from seeing the dreadful extent of their outrage ; but instead of trying to extinguish the flames, they marched away to seek quarters in some other place, cursing the serjeant for having so unhoused them in such a night.

At first they thought of carrying my brother and Esau Wardrop with them as prisoners ; but one of them said it would be as well

to give the wyte of the burning, at headquarters, to the rebels ; so they left them behind.

Esau Wardrop, with the young laird and my grandfather, seeing it was in vain to stop the progress of the fire, did all that in them lay to rescue some of the furniture, while poor old Ringlewood and his aged and gentle lady, being both too infirm to lend any help, stood on the green, and saw the devouring element pass from room to room, till their ancient dwelling was utterly destroyed. Fortunately, however, the air was calm, and the outhouses escaping the ruinous contagion of the flames, there was still a beild left in the barn to which they could retire.

In the meantime the light of the burning spread over the country ; but the people knowing that soldiers were quartered on Ringlewood, stood aloof in the dread of fire-arms, thinking the conflagration might be caused by some contest of war ; so that the mansion



of a gentleman much beloved of all his neighbours was allowed to burn to the ground before their eyes, without any one venturing to come to help him, to so great a degree had distrust and the outrages of military riot at that epoch altered the hearts of men.

My brother and Esau Wardrop staid with Ringlewood till the morning, and had, for the space of three or four hours, a restoring sleep. Fain would they have remained longer there, but the threat of the soldiers to accuse them as the incendiaries made Ringlewood urge them to depart; saying, that maybe a time would come when it would be in his power to thank them for their help in that dreadful night. But he was not long exposed to many sufferings; for the leddy on the day following, as in after-time we heard, was seized with her dead-ill, and departed this life in the course of three days; and the laird also, in less than a month, was laid in the kirk-yard, with his ancestors, by her side.

## CHAP. VI.

AFTER leaving Ringlewood, the two fugitives, by divers journeyings and sore passages through moss and moor, crossed the Balloch ferry, and coming down the north side of the Clyde frith to Ardmore, they boated across to Greenock, where, in little more than an hour after their arrival, they were taken in Euphan Blair's public in Cartsdyke, and the same night marched off to Glasgow; of all which I have already given intimation, in recording my own trials at Inverkip.

But in that march, as my brother and Esau Wardrop were passing with their guard at the Inchinnan ferry, the soldiers heedlessly laying their firelocks all in a heap in the boat, the thought came into my brother's head, that maybe it might be turned to an advantage if

he was to spoil the powder in the firelocks ; so, as they were siting in the boat, he, with seeming innocence, drew his hand several times through the water, and in lifting it, took care to drop and sprinkle the powder-pans of the firelocks, in so much, that by the time they were ferried to the Renfrew side, they were spoiled for immediate use.

“ Do as I do,” said he softly to Esau Wardrop, as they were stepping out, and with that he feigned some small expedient for tarrying in the boat, while the soldiers taking their arms, leapt on shore. The ferryman also was out before them ; and my brother seeing this, took up an oar, seemingly to help him to step out ; but pretending at the time to stumble, he caught hold of Esau’s shoulder, and pushing with the oar, shoved off the boat in such a manner, that the rope was pulled out of the ferryman’s hand, who was in a great consternation. The soldiers, however, laughed at seeing how the river’s current was carry-

ing away their prisoners ; for my brother was in no hurry to make use of the oar to pull the boat back ; on the contrary, he pushed her farther and farther into the river, until one of the guards beginning to suspect some stratagem, levelled his firelock, and threatened to shoot. Whereupon my brother and Esau quickened their exertions, and soon reached the opposite side of the river, while the soldiers were banning and tearing with rage to be so outwitted, and their firelocks rendered useless for the time.

As soon as the fugitives were within wadeable reach of the bank, they jumpit out of the boat and ran, and were not long within the scope of their adversaries' fire.

By this time the sun was far in the west, and they knew little of the country about where they were ; but, before embarking, the ferryman had pointed out to them the abbey towers of Paisley, and they knew that, for a long period, many of the humane inhabitants

of that town had been among the faithfulest of Scottishmen to the cause of the Kirk and Covenant; and therefore, they thought that, under the distraction of their circumstances, maybe it would be their wisest course to direct their steps, in the dusk of the evening, towards the town, and they threw aside their arms, that they might pass as simple wayfaring men.

Accordingly, having loitered in the way thither, they reached Paisley about the heel of the twilight, and searching their way into the heart of the town, they found a respectable public near the Cross, into which they entered, and ordered some consideration of viviers for supper, just as if they had been on market business. In so doing nothing particular was remarked of them; and my brother, by way of an entertainment before bed-time, told his companion of my grandfather's adventure in Paisley, the circumstances whereof are already written in this book;

drawing out of what had come to pass with him, cheering aspirations of happier days for themselves.

While they were thus speaking, one of the town-council, Deacon Fulton, came in to have a cap and a crack with any stranger that might be in the house.—This deacon was a man who well represented and was a good swatch of the plain honesty and strict principles which have long governed within that ancient borough of regality. He seeing them, and being withal a man of shrewd discernment, eyed them very sharply, and maybe guessing what they were and where they had come from, entered into a discreet conversation with them anent the troubles of the time. In this he showed the pawkrie, that so well becomes those who sit in council, with a spieerie of that wholesome virtue and friendly sympathy of which all the poor fugitives from the Pentland raid stood in so great need. For, without pretending to jealouse any thing of

what they were, he spoke of that business as the crack of the day, and told them of many of the afflicting things which had been perpetrated after the dispersion of the Covenanters, saying—

“ It’s a thing to be deplored in all time coming, that the poor misguided folk, concern’t in that rash wark, didna rather take refuge in the towns, and among their brethren and fellow-subjects, than flee to the hills, where they are hunted down wi’ dog and gun as beasts o’ an ill kind. Really every body’s wae for their folly ; though to be sure, in a government sense, their fault’s past, pardon. It’s no indeed a thing o’ toleration, that subjects are to rise against rulers.”

“ True,” said my brother, “ unless rulers fall against subjects.”

The worthy magistrate looked a thought seriously at him ; no in reproof for what he had said, or might say, but in an admonitory manner, saying—

“ Ye’re owre douce a like man, I think, to hae been either art or part in this head-strong Reformation, unless ye had some great cause to provoke you ; and I doubt na ye hae discretion enough no to contest without need points o’ doctrine ; at least for me, I’m laith to enter on ony sort o’ polemtic, for it’s a Gude’s truth, I’m nae deacon at it.”

My brother discerning by his manner that he saw through them, would have refrain’t at the time from further discourse ; but Esau Wardrop was, though a man of few words, yet of such austerity of faith, that he could not abide to have it thought he was in any time or place afraid for himself to bear his testimony, even when manifestly uncalled on to do ; so he here broke in upon the considerate and worthy counsellor, and said—

“ That a covenanted spirit was bound, at a’ times, and in a’ situations, eonditions, and circumstances, to uphold the cause.”

“ True, true, we are a’ Covenanters,” re-



plied the deacon, " and Gude forbid that I should e'er forget the vows I took when I was in a manner a bairn ; but there's an unco difference between the auld covenanting and this Lanerk New-light. In the auld times, our forebears and our fathers covenanted to show their power, that the king and government might consider what they were doing. And they betook not themselves to the sword, till the quiet warning of almost all the realm united in one league had proved ineffectual ; and when at last there was nae help for't, and they were called by their conscience and dangers to gird themselves for battle, they went forth in the might and power of the arm of flesh, as weel as of a righteous cause. " But, sirs, this donsie business of the Pentland raid was but a splurt, and the publishing of the Covenant, after the poor folk had made themselves rebels, was, to say the least o't, a weak conceit."

" We were not rebels," cried Esau Wardrop.

“Hoot toot, friend,” said the counsellor, “ye’re owre hasty, I did na ca’ the poor folk rebels in the sense of a rebellion, where might takes the lead in a controversy wi’ right, but because they had risen against the law.”

“There can be nae rebellion against a law that teaches things over which man can have no control, the thought and the conscience,” said Esau Wardrop.

“Aye, aye,” replied the counsellor, “a’ that’s vera true; but if it please the wisdom of the King, by and with the advice of his privy counsellors, to prohibit certain actions—and surely actions are neither thoughts nor consciences,—do ye mean to say that the subject’s no bound to obey such royal ordinances?”

“Aye, if the acts are in themselves harmless, and trench not upon any man’s rights of property and person.”

“Weel, I’ll no debate that wi’ you,” replied the worthy counsellor; “but surely ye’ll ne’er maintain that conventicles, and the de-

sertion of the regular and appointed places of worship, are harmless ; nor can it be denied that sic things do not tend to aggrieve and impair the clergy baith in their minds and means ?”

“ I confess that,” said Esau ; “ but think, that the conventicles and desertions, whereof ye speak, sprang out of an arbitrary and uncalled-for disturbance of the peaceful worship of God. Evil-counselling caused them, and evil-counselling punishes them till the punishment can be no longer endured.”

“ Ye’re a doure-headed man,” said Deacon Fulton, “ and really ye hae gi’en me sic a cast o’ your knowledge, that I can do no less, than make you a return ; so tak this, and hide nae’ langer in Paisley than your needs call.” With that he laid his purse on the table and went away. But scarcely had he departed the house, when who should enter but the very soldiers from whom my brother and Esau had so marvellously escaped.

## CHAP. VII.

THE noise of taking up my brother and Esau Wardrop to the tolbooth by the soldiers bred a great wonderment in the town, and the magistrates came into the prison to see them. Then it was that they recognised their friendly adviser among those in authority. But he signified, by winking to them, that they should not know him; to which they comported themselves so, that it passed as he could have wished.

“Provost,” said he to the chief magistrate, who was then present with them, “though thir honest men be concerned in a fret against the king’s government, they’re no just iniquitous malefactors, and therefore it behoves us, for the little time they are to bide here, to deal compassionately with them. This is a damp and cauld place. I’m sure

we might gi'e them the use of the council-chamber, and direk a bit spunk o' fire to be kindl't. It's, ye ken, but for this night they are to be in our aught; and their crime, ye ken, provost, was mair o' the judgment than the heart, and therefore we should think how we are a' prone to do evil."

By this sort of petitionary exhorting, that worthy man carried his point; and the provost consented that the prisoners should be removed to the council-chamber, where he directed a fire to be lighted for their solace.

"Noo, honest men," said their friend the deacon, when he was taking leave of them, after seeing them in the council-room, "I hope ye'll make yoursels as comforttable as men in your situation can reasonably be; and look ye," said he to my brother, "if the wind should rise, and the smoke no vent, *sae* weel as ye could wis', which is sometimes the case in blowy weather when the door's shut, just open a wee bit jinkie o' this window, and

he gave him a squeeze on the arm—it looks into my yard.—Heh ! but it's weel mindet, the bar on my back-yett's in the want o' reparation—I maun see til't the morn."

There was no difficulty in reading the whumplet meaning of this couthiness anent the reeking o' the chamber ; and my brother and Esau, when the door was locked on them for the night, soon found it expedient to open the window, and next morning the kind counsellor had more occasion than ever to get the bar o' his back-yett repaired ; for it had yielded to the grip of the prisoners, who, long afore day, were far beyond the eye and jurisdiction of the magistrates of Paisley.

They took the straight road to Kilmarnock, intending, if possible, to hide themselves among some of my brother Jacob's wife's friends in that town. He had himself been dead some short time before ; but in the course of their journey, in eschewing the high-road as much as possible, they found a

good friend in a cotter who lived on the edge of the Mearns moor, and with him they were persuaded to bide till the day of that night when we met in so remarkable a manner on the sands of Ardrossan; and the cause that brought him there was one of the severest trials to which he had yet been exposed, as I shall now rehearse.

James Greig, the kind cotter who sheltered them for the better part of three weeks, was but a poor man, and two additional inmates consumed the meal which he had laid in for himself and his wife, so that he was obligated to apply twice for the loan of some from a neighbour, which caused a suspicion to arise in that neighbour's mind; and he being loose-tongued, and a talking man, let out what he thought in a public at Kilmarnock, in presence of some one connected with the soldiers then quartered in the Dean-castle. A party, in consequence, had that morning been sent out to search for them; but the thoughtless

man who had done the ill was seized with a remorse of conscience for his folly, and came in time to advise them to flee; but not so much in time as to prevent them from being seen by the soldiers, who no sooner discovered them than they pursued them. What became of Esau Wardrop was never known; he was no doubt shot in his flight; but my brother was more fortunate, for he kept so far before those who in particular pursued him, that, although they kept him in view, they could not overtake him.

Running in this way for life and liberty, he came to a house on the road-side, inhabited by a lanerly woman, and the door being open he darted in, passing thorough to the yard behind, where he found himself in an enclosed place, out of which he saw no other means of escape but through a ditch full of water. ~~The~~ depth of it at the time he did not think of, but plunging in, he found himself up to the chin; at that moment he heard the sol-



diers at hand ; so the thought struck him to remain where he was, and to go under a bramble-bush that overhung the water. By this means he was so effectually concealed, that the soldiers, losing sight of him, wreaked their anger and disappointment on the poor woman, dragging her with them to the Deancastle, where they threw her into the dungeon, in the darkness of which she perished, as was afterwards well known through all that country-side.

After escaping from the ditch, my brother turned his course more northerly, and had closed his day of suffering on Kilbride-hill, where, drawn by his afflictions to seek some knowledge of his wife and daughter, he had resolved to risk himself as near as possible to Quharist that night ; and coming along with the shower on his back, which blew so strong in our faces, he saw us by the glimpses of the tempestuous moonlight as we were approaching, and had denned himself on the

road-side till we should pass, being fearful we might prove enemies. Some accidental lament or complaint, uttered unconsciously by me, made him, however, think he knew the voice, and moved thereby, he started up, and had just joined us when he was discovered in so awakening a manner.

Thus came my brother and I to meet after the raid of Pentland ; and having heard from me all that he could reasonably hope for, regarding the most valued casket of his affections, he came along with Mr Witherspoon , and we were next morning safely ferried over into the wee Cumraes, by James Plowter the ferryman, to whom we were both well known.

There was then only a herd's house on the island ; but there could be no truer or kinder Christians than the herd and his wife. We ~~staid~~ with them till far in the year, hearing often, through James Plowter, of our friends ; and above all the joyous news, in little more

than a week after our landing, of Sarah Lochrig having been permitted to leave the tolbooth of Irvine, without farther dule than a reproof from Provost Reid, that had more in it of commendation than reproach.

## CHAP. VIII.

IT is well set forth in all the various histories of this dismal epoch, that the cry of blood had gone so vehemently up to heaven from the graves of the martyred Covenanters, that the Lord moved the heart of Charles Stuart to more merciful measures, but only for a season. The apostate James Sharp and the other counsellors, whose weakness or wickedness fell in with his tyrannical proselytising purposes, were wised from the rule of power, and the Earls of Tweeddale and Kincardine, with that learned sage and philosopher Sir John Murray, men of more beneficent disposition, were appointed to sit in their places in the Privy Council at Edinburgh;—so that all in our condition were heartened to return to their homes.

As soon as we heard that the ravenous soldiery were withdrawn from the shire of Ayr, my brother and I, with Mr Wither-spoon, after an abode of more than seven months in yon solitary and rocky islet, returned to Quharist. But, O courteous reader, I dare not venture to tell of the joy of the meeting, and the fond intermingling of embraces, that was too great a reward for all our sufferings;—for now I approach the memoirs of those things, by which the terrible Heavens have manifested that I was ordained from the beginning to launch the bolt that was chosen from the quiver in the armory of the Almighty avenger, to overthrow the oppressor and oppression of my native land. It is therefore enough to state, that upon my return home, where I expected to find my lands waste and my fences broken down; I found all things in better order than ~~they~~ maybe would have been had the eye of the master been over them; for our kind neigh-

bours, out of a friendly consideration for my family, had in the spring tilled the ground and sown the seed, by day-and-day-about labour; and surely it was a pleasant thing, in the midst of such a general depravity of the human heart, so prevalent at that period, to hear of such constancy and christian-mindedness; for it was not towards my brother and me only that such things were done; the same was common throughout the country towards the lands and families of the persecuted.

But the lown of that time was as a pet day in winter. In the harvest, however, when the proposal came out that we should give bonds to keep the peace, I made no scruple of signing the same, and of getting my wife's father, who was not out in the raid, to be my cautioner. In the doing of this I did not renounce the Covenant, but, on the contrary, I considered that by the bonds the King was as much bound to preserve things in the state

under which I granted the bond, as I was to remain in the quiet condition I was when I signed it.

After the bonds of peace came the indulgence, and the chief heritors of our parish having something to say with the Lord Tweeddale, leave was obtained for Mr Swinton to come back, and we had made a paction with Andrew Dornock, the prelatie curate and incumbent, to let him have his manse again. But although Mr Swinton did return, and his family were again gathered around him, he would not, as he said himself to me, so far bow the knee to Baal as to bring the church of Christ in any measure or way into Erastian dependence on the civil magistrate. So he neither would return to the manse nor enter the pulpit, but continued, for the space of several years, to reside at Quharist, and to preach on the summer Sundays from the window in the gable.

In the spring, however, of the year 1674,

he, after a lingering illness, closed his life and ministry. For sometime he had felt himself going hence, and the tenour of his prayers and sermons had for several months been of a high and searching efficacy; and he never failed, Sabbath after Sabbath, just before pronouncing the blessing, to return public thanks that the Lord was drawing him so softly away from the world, and from the storms that were gathering in the black cloud of prelacy which still overhung and darkened the ministry of the Kirk of Scotland,—a method of admonition that was awfully awakening to the souls of his hearers, and treasured by them as a solemn breathing of the inspiration of prophecy.

When he was laid in the earth, and Mr Witherspoon, by some handling on my part, was invited to fill the void which his removal had left among us, the wind again began to fisle, and the signs of a tempest were seen in the changes of the royal Councils.



The gracious-hearted statesmen before spoken of were removed from their benignant spheres like falling stars from the firmament, and the Duke of Lauderdale was endowed with the power to persecute and domineer.

Scarcely was he seated in the Council when the edicts of oppression were renewed. The prelates became clamorous for his interference, and the penalties of the bonds of peace presented the means of supplying the inordinate wants of his rapacious wife. Steps were accordingly soon taken to appease and pleasure both. The court-contrived crime of hearing the Gospel preached in the fields, as it was by John in the Wilderness and Jesus on the Mount, was again prohibited with new rigour; and I for one soon felt that, in the renewed persecution of those who attended the conventicles, the King had again as much broken the conditions under which I gave the bond of peace, as he had before broken the vows of the Solemn League and Covenant; so that

when the guilty project was ripened in his bloody councils, that the West Country should be again exasperated into rebellion, that a reason might be procured for keeping up a standing army, in order that the three kingdoms might be ruled by prerogative instead of parliament, I freely confess that I was one of those who did refuse to sign the bonds that were devised to provoke the rebellion, — bonds, the terms whereof sufficiently manifested the purpose that governed the framers in the framing. We were required by them, under severe penalties, to undertake that neither our families, nor our servants, nor our tenants, nor the servants of our tenants, nor any others residing upon our lands, should withdraw from the churches or adhere to conventicles, or succour field-preachers, or persons who had incurred the penalties attached to these prelate-devised offences. And because we refused to sign these bonds, and continued to worship God in the peacefulness

of the Gospel, the whole country was treated by the Duke of Lauderdale as in a state of revolt.

The English forces came mustering against us on the borders, the Irish garrisons were drawn to the coast to invade us, and the lawless Highlanders were tempted, by their need and greed, and a royal promise of indemnity for whatsoever outrages they might commit, to come down upon us in all their fury. By these means ten thousand ruthless soldiers and unreclaimed barbarians were let loose upon us, while we were sitting in the sun listening, I may say truly, to those gracious counsellings which breathe nothing but peace and good-will. When, since the burning days of Dioclesian the Roman Emperor,—when, since the massacre of the protestants by orders of the French king, on the eve of St Bartholomew, was so black a crime ever perpetrated by a guilty government on its own subjects? But I was myself

among the greatest of the sufferers ; and it is needful that I should now clothe my thoughts with sobriety, and restrain the ire of the pen of grief and revenge.—Not revenge ! No ; let the word be here—justice.

The Highland host came on us in want, and, but for their license to destroy, in beggary. Yet when they returned to their wild homes among the distant hills, they were laden as with the household wealth of a realm, in so much that they were rendered defenceless by the weight of their spoil. At the bridge of Glasgow, the students of the College and the other brave youths of that town, looking on them with true Scottish hearts, and wrathful to see that the barbarians had been such robbers of their fellow-subjects, stopped above two thousand of them, and took from them their congregations of goods and wares, wearing apparel, pots, pans, and gridirons, and their furniture, wherewith they had burdened themselves like bearers at a flitting. My

house was stript to a wastage, and every thing was taken away ; what was too heavy to be easily transported was, after being carried some distance, left on the road. The very shoes were taken off my wife's feet, and " ye'll no, be a refuse to gi'e me that," said a red-haired reprobate as he took hold of Sarah Lochrig's hand, and robbed her of her wedding-ring. I was present and saw the deed ; I felt my hands clench ; but in my spirit I discovered that it was then the hour of outrage, and that the Avenger's time was not yet come.

## CHAP. IX.

RARELY has it fallen to the lot of man to be so blessed with such children as mine ; but surely I was unworthy of the blessing. And yet, though maybe unworthy, Lord, thou knowest by the nightly anthems of thankfulness that rose from my hearth, that the chief sentiment in my breast, in those moments of melody, was my inward acknowledgment to Thee for having made this world so bright to me, with an offspring so good and fair, and with Sarah Lochrig, their mother, she whose life was the sweetness in the cup of my felicity. Let me not, however, hurry on, nor forget that I am but an historian, and that it befits not the juridical pen of the character to dwell upon my own woes, when I have to tell of the sufferings of others.

The trials and the tribulations which I had heard so much of, and whereof I had witnessed so many, made me in a sense but little liable to be moved when told of any new outrage. But the sight of that Highlander wrenching from Sarah Lochrig's finger our wedding-ring, did, in its effects and influences, cause a change in my nature as sudden, and as wonderful, as that which the rod of Moses underwent in being quickened into a serpent.

For some time I sat as I was sitting while the deed was doing; and when my wife, after the plunderers had departed, said to me, soothingly, that we had reason to be thankful for having endured no other loss than a little world's gear, she was surprised at the sedateness with which I responded to her pious condolences. Michael, our first-born, then in the prime beauty of his manhood, had been absent when the robbery was committed, and coming in, on hearing what had

been done, flamed with the generous rage of youth, and marvelled that I had been so calm. My blithe and blooming Mary, joined her ingenuous admiration to theirs, but my mild and sensible Margaret fell upon my neck, and weeping cried, "O! father, it's no worth the doure thought that gars your brows sae gloom;" while Joseph, the youngest of the flock, then in his twelfth year, brought the Bible and laid it on my knees.

I opened the book, and would have read a portion, but the passage which caught my eye was, the beginning of the sixth chapter of Jeremiah, "O ye children of Benjamin, gather yourselves to flee out of the midst of Jerusalem, and blow the trumpet in Tekoa, and set up a sign of fire in Beth-haccereim: for evil appeareth out of the north, and great destruction." And I thought it was a voice calling me to arm, and to raise the banner against the oppressor; and thereupon I shut



the book, and retiring to the fields, communed with myself for some time.

Having returned into the house, and sent Michael to my brother's to inquire how it had fared with him and his family, I at the same time directed Joseph to go to Irvine, and tell our friends there to help us with a supply of blankets, for the Highlanders had taken away my horses and driven off my cattle, and we had no means of bringing anything.

But Joseph was not long gone when Michael came flying back from my brother's, and I saw by his looks that something very dreadful had been committed, and said—

“Are they all in life?”

“Aye, in life!” and, the tears rushing into his eyes, he exclaimed, “But O! I wish that my cousin Bell had been dead and buried!”

“Bell Gilhaize, my brother's only daughter, was the lightest-hearted maiden in all our

parish. It had long been a pleasure both to her father and me to observe a mingling of affections between her and Michael, and the year following had been fixt for their marriage.

“The time of weeping, Michael,” said I, “is past, and the time of warring will soon come. It is not in man to bear always aggression, nor can it be required of him ever to endure contumely.”

“What has befallen Bell?” said his mother to him; but instead of making her any answer he uttered a dreadful sound, like the howl of madness, and hastily quitted the house.

Sarah Lochrig, who was a woman of a serene reason, and mild and gracious in her nature, looked at me with a silent sadness, that told all the anguish with which the horror that she guessed had darted into her soul; and then, with an energy that I never saw in her before, folded her own two

daughters to her bosom, as if she was in terror for them, and bathed their necks with tears.

While we were in this state my brother himself came in. He was now a man well stricken in years, but of a hale appearance, and usually of an open and manly countenance. Nor on this occasion did he appear greatly altered; but there was a fire in his eye, and a severity in his aspect, such as I had never seen before, yet withal a fortitude that showed how strong the self-possession was, which kept the tempest within him from breaking out in word or gesture.

“ Ringan,” said he, “ we have met with a misfortune. It’s the will of Providence, and we must bear it. But surely in the anger that is caused by provocation, our Creator tells us to resent. From this hour, all obligation, obedience, allegiance, all whatsoever that as a subject I did owe to Charles Stuart is at an end. I am his foe; and the Lord put

strength into my arm to revenge the ruin of my bairn !”

There was in the utterance of these words a solemnity at first terrifying to hear; but his voice in the last clause of the sentence faltered, and he took off his bonnet and held it over his face, and wept bitterly.

“I could make him no answer for some time; but I took hold of his hand, and when he had a little mastered his grief, I said, ‘ Brother, we are children of the same parents, and the wrongs of one are the wrongs of both. But let us not be hasty.’”

He took the bonnet from his face, and looked at me sternly for a little while, and then he said—

“ Ringan Gilhaize, till you have felt what I feel, you ne’er can know that the speed o’ lightning is slow to the wishes and the will of revenge.”

At that moment his daughter Bell was brought in, led by my son Michael. Her fa-

ther, at the sight of her, clasped his hands wildly above his head, and rushed out of the house. My wife went towards her, but stopped and fell back into my arms at the sight of her demented look. My daughters gazed, and held up their trembling hands.

“Speak to her,” said Michael to his sisters; “she’ll maybe heed you;” and he added, “Bell, it’s Mary and Peggy,” and dropping her hand, he went to lead Mary to her, while she stood like a statue on the spot.

“Dear Bell,” said I, as I moved myself gently from the arms of my afflicted wife, “come wi’ me to the open air;” and I took her by the hand which poor Michael had dropped, and led her out to the green, but still she looked the same demented creature.

Her father, who had by this time again overcome his distress, seeing us on the green, came towards us, while my wife and daughters also came out; but Michael could no longer endure the sight of the rifled rose that

he had cherished for the ornament of his bosom, and he remained to hide his grief in the house.

“ Her mind’s gone, Ringan,” said my brother, “ and she’ll ne’er be better in this world !” Nor was she ; but she lived many months after, and in all the time never shed a tear, nor breathed a sigh, nor spoke a word ; where she was led, she went ; where she was left, she stood. At last she became so weak that she could not stand ; and one day, as I was sitting at her bedside, I observed that she lay unusually still, and touching her hand, found that all her sorrows were over.

## CHAP. X.

FROM the day of the desolation of his daughter, my brother seldom held any communion with me ; but I observed that with Michael he had much business, and though I asked no questions, I needed not to be told that there was a judgment and a doom in what they did. I was therefore fearful that some rash step would be taken at the burial of Bell ; for it was understood that all the neighbours far and near intended to be present to testify their pity for her fate. So I spoke to Mr Witherspoon concerning my fears, and by his exhortation the body was borne to the kirk-yard in a solemn and peaceable manner.

But just as the coffin was laid in the grave, and before a spadeful of earth was thrown,

a boy came running, crying, "Sharp's kill't!—the apostate's dead!" which made every one turn round and pause; and while we were thus standing, a horseman came riding by, who confirmed the tidings, that a band of men whom his persecutions had made desperate, had executed justice on the apostate as he was travelling in his carriage with his daughter on Magus-moor. While the stranger was telling the news, the corpse lay in the grave unburied; and, dreadful to tell! when he had made an end of his tale, there was a shout of joy and exultation set up by all present, except by Michael and my brother. They stood unmoved, and I thought—do I them any wrong?—that they looked disconsolate and disappointed.

But though the judgment on James Sharp was a cause of satisfaction to all covenanted hearts, many were not yet so torn by the persecution as entirely to applaud the deed. I shall not therefore enter upon the parti-



culars of what was done anent those who dealt his doom, for they were not of our neighbourhood.

The crime, however, of listening peacefully in the fields to the truths of the Gospel became, in the sight of the persecutors, every day more and more heinous, and they gave themselves up to the conscience-soothing tyranny of legal ordinances, as if the enactment and execution of bloody laws, contrary to those of God, and against the unoffending privileges of our nature, were not wickedness of as dark a stain as the murderer's use of his secret knife. Edict and proclamation against field-preachings and conventicles came following each other, and the latest was the fiercest and fellest of all which had preceded. But the cause of truth, and the right of communion with the Lord, was not to be given up: "It is not for glory," we said in the words of those brave Scottish barons that redeemed, with King Robert the Bruce, their native

land from the thralldom of the English Edward, "nor is it for riches, neither is it for honour, but it is for liberty alone we contend, which no true man will lose but with his life;" and therefore it was that we would not yield obedience to the tyranny, which was revived with new strength by the death of James Sharp, in revenge for his doom, but sought, in despite of decrees and statutes, to hear THE WORD where we believed it was best spoken.

The laws of God, which are above all human authority, require that we should worship him in truth and in holiness, and we resolved to do so to the uttermost, and prepared ourselves with arms to resist whoever might be sent to molest us in the performance of that the greatest duty. But in so exercising the divine right of resistance, we were not called upon to harm those whom we knew to be our adversaries. Belting ourselves for defence, not for war, we went singly to our

places of secret meeting in the glens and on the moors, and when the holy exercise was done, we returned to our homes as peacefully as we went thither.

Many a time I have since thought, that surely in no other age or land was ever such a solemn celebration of the Sabbath as in those days. The very dangers with which we were environed exalted the devout heart; verily it was a grand sight to see the fearless religious man moving from his house in the grey of the morning, with the Bible in his hand and his sword for a staff, walking towards the hills for many a weary mile, hoping the preacher would be there, and praying as he went, that there might be no molestation.

Often and often on those occasions has the Lord been pleased to shelter his worshippers from their persecutors, by covering them with the mantle of his tempest; and many a time at the dead of night, when the winds were sougling around, and the moon was bowling

through the clouds, we have stood on the heath of the hills, and the sound of our psalms has been mingled with the roaring of the gathering waters.

The calamities which drove us thus to worship in the wilderness, and amidst the storm, rose to their full tide on the back of the death of the archapostate James Sharp; for all the religious people in the realm were in a manner regarded by the government as participators in the method of his punishment. And Claverhouse, whom I have now to speak of, got that special commission on which he rode so wickedly, to put to the sword whomsoever he found with arms at any preaching in the fields; so that we had no choice in seeking to obtain the consolations of religion, which we then stood so much in need of, but to congregate in such numbers as would deter the soldiers from venturing to attack us. This it was which caused the second rising, and led to the fatal day of Bothwell-brigg,

whereof it is needful that I should particularly speak, not only on account of the great stress that was thereon laid by the persecutors, in making out of it a method of fiery ordeal to afflict the covenanted, but also because it was the overflowing fountain-head of the deluge that made me desolate. And herein, courteous reader, should aught of a fiercer feeling than belongs to the sacred sternness of truth and justice escape from my historical pen, thou wilt surely pardon the same; if there be any of the gracious ruth of Christian gentleness in thy bosom; for now I have to tell of things that have made the annals of the land as red as crimson, and filled my house with the blackness of ashes and universal death.

For a long period there had been, from the causes and circumstances premised, sore difficulties in the assembling of congregations, and the sacrament of the Supper had not been dispensed in many parts of the shire of

Ayr from the time of the Highland host ; so that there was a great longing in the hearts of the covenanted to partake once again of that holy refreshment ; and shortly after the seed-time it began to be concerted, that early in the summer a day should be set apart, and a place fixt for the celebration of the same. About the time of the interment of my brother's desolated daughter, and the judgment of the death executed on James Sharp, it was settled that the moors of Loudon-hill should be the place of meeting, and that the first Sabbath of June should be the day. But what ministers would be there was not settled ; for who could tell which, in those times, would be spared from prison ?

It was, however, forethought and foreseen, that the assemblage of communicants would be very considerable ; for in order that there might be the less risk of molestation, a wish that it should be so was put forth among us, to the end that the king's forces might swither to dis-

perse us. Accordingly, with my disconsolate brother and son, I went to be present at that congregation, and we carried our arms with us, as we were then in the habit of doing on all occasions of public testimony, by worship.

In the meantime a rent had been made in the Covenant, partly by the over-zeal of certain young preachers, who not feeling, as we did, that the duty of presbyterians went no farther than defence and resistance, strove, with all the pith of an effectual eloquence, to exasperate the minds of their hearers into hostility against those in authority; and it happened that several of those who had executed the judgment on James Sharp, seeing no hope of pardon for what they had done, leagued themselves with this party, in the hope of thereby making head against their pursuers.

I have been the more strict in setting down these circumstantialia, because in the bloody afterings of that meeting they were altogether

lost sight of; and also, because the implacable rage with which Claverhouse persecuted the Covenanters has been extenuated by some discreet historians, on the plea of his being an honourable officer deduced from his soldierly worth elsewhere; whereas the truth is, that his cruelties in the shire of Ayr, and other of our western parts, were less the fruit of his instructions, wide and severe as they were, than of his own mortified vanity and malignant revenge.



## CHAP. XI.

It was in the cool of the evening, on Saturday the last day of May, when my brother came over to my house, where, with Michael, I had prepared myself to go with him to Loudon-hill. Our intent was to walk that night to Kilmarnock, and abide till the morning with our brother Jacob's widow, not having seen her for a long time.

We had in the course of that day heard something of the publication of "The Declaration and Testimony," which, through the vehemence of the preachers before spoken of, had been rashly counselled at Ruglen, the 29th of the month; but there was no particulars, and what we did hear was like, as all such things are, greatly magnified beyond the truth. We, however, were grieved by

the tidings; for we feared some cause of tribulation would be thereby engendered detrimental to the religious purposes of our journey.

This sentiment pressing heavily on our hearts, we parted from my family with many misgivings, and the bodements of further sorrows. But the outward expression of what we all felt was the less remarkable, on account of what so lately had before happened in my brother's house. Nor indeed did I think at the time, that the foretaste of what was ordained so speedily to come to a head was at all so lively in his spirit, or that of my son, as it was in mine, till, in passing over the top of the Gowan-brae, he looked round on the lands of Quharist, and said—

“I care nae, Ringan, if I ne'er come back; for though we hae lang dwelt in affection together yon'er, thae that were most precious to me are now both aneath the sod,”—alluding to his wife who had been several years

dead,—and poor Bell, that lovely rose which the ruthless spoiler had so trampled into the earth.

“ I feel,” said Michael, “ as if I were going to a foreign land, there is sic a farewell sadness upon me.”

But we strove to overcome this, and walked leisurely on the high-road towards Kilmar-nock, trying to discourse of indifferent things ; and as the gloaming faded, and the Night began to look forth, from her watch-tower in the heavens, with all her eyes of beautiful light, we communed of the friends that we trusted were in glory, and marvelled if it could be that they saw us after death, or ever revisited the persons and the scenes that they loved in life. Rebellion or treason, or any sense of thoughts and things that were not holy, had no portion in our conversation : we were going to celebrate the redemption of fallen man ; and we were mourning for friends no more ; our discourse was of eternal things,

and the mysteries of the stars and the lights of that world which is above the firmament.

When we reached Kilmarnock we found that Jacob's widow had, with several other godly women, set out towards the place of meeting, to sojourn with a relation that night, in order that they might be the abler to gather the manna of the word in the morning. We therefore resolved not to halt there, but to go forward to the appointed place, and rest upon the spot. This accordingly doing, we came to the eastern side of Loudon-hill, the trysted place, shortly after the first scad of the dawn.

Many were there before us, both men and women and little children, and horses intermingled, some slumbering, and some communing with one another; and as the morning brightened, it was a hallowed sight to behold from that rising ground the blameless persecuted coming with sedate steps to worship their Maker on the mountain.

The Reverend Mr Thomas Douglas, who was to open the action, arrived about the rising of the sun, with several other ministers, and behind them four aged men belonging to Strathaven bearing the elements.

A pious lady, whose name I never heard, owing to what ensued, spread with her own hands a damask tablecloth on the ground, and the bread and wine were placed upon it with more reverence than ever was in kirk.

Mr Douglas having mounted upon a rock nigh to where this was done, was about to give out the psalm, when we observed several country lads, that were stationed as watchers afar off, coming with great haste in; and they brought word, that Claverhouse and his dragoons were coming to disperse us, bringing with them the Reverend Mr King, a preacher of the gospel at Hamilton, and others that they had made prisoners, tied with cords two and two.

The tidings for a moment caused panic

and consternation ; but as the men were armed, and resolved to resist, it was thought, in consideration of the women and children, that we ought to go forward, and prevent the adversaries from advancing. Accordingly, to the number of forty, horsemen, and maybe near to two hundred foot, we drew ourselves apart from the congregation, and marched to meet Claverhouse, thinking, perhaps, on seeing us so numerous, that he would not come on,—while Mr Douglas proceeded with the worship, the piety of none with him being abated by this grievous visitation.

Mr William Clelland, with Mr Hamilton, who had come with Mr Douglas, were our leaders, and we met Claverhouse on the moor of Drumclog.

The dragoons were the first to halt, and Claverhouse, having ordered his prisoners to be drawn aside, was the first who gave the word to fire. This was without any parley or request to know whether we came with

hostile intent or no. Clelland, on seeing the dragoons make ready, cried to us all to den ourselves among the heather; by which forethought the shot flew harmless. Then we started up, and every one, with the best aim he could, fired at the dragoons as they were loading their carabines. Several men and horses were killed, and many wounded. Claverhouse seeing this, commanded his men to charge upon us; but the ground was rough, the heather deep, and the moss broken where peats had been dug, and the horses floundered, and several threw their riders, and fell themselves.

We had now loaded again, and the second fire was more deadly than the first. Our horsemen also seeing how the dragoons were scattered, fell in the confusion as it were man for man upon them. Claverhouse raged and commanded, but no one now could or would obey. In that extremity his horse was killed, and, being thrown down, I ran forward to

seize him, if I could, prisoner; but he still held his sword in his hand, and rising as I came up, used it manfully, and with one stroke almost hued my right arm from my shoulder. As he fled I attempted for a moment to follow, but staggered and fell. He looked back as he escaped, and I cried—"Blood for blood;" and it has been so, as I shall hereafter in the sequel relate.

When the day was won, we found we numbered among the slain on the side of the vanquished nearly twenty of the dragoons: on our side we lost but one man, John Morton—a ripe saint; but several were wounded; and John Weir and William Daniel died of their wounds. Such was the day of Drumclog.

Being wounded, I was carried to a neighbouring farm, attended by my brother and son, and there put upon a cart and sent home to Quharist, as it was thought I would be best attended there. They then returned



to the rest of the host, who, seeing themselves thus brought into open war, resolved forthwith to proceed to Glasgow, and to raise again the banner of the Covenant.

But Claverhouse had fled thither, burning with the thought of being so shorn in his military pride by raw and undisciplined countrymen, whom, if we had been bred soldiers, may be he would have honoured, but being what we were, though our honour was the greater, he hated us with the deadly aversion that is begotten of vanity chastised; for that it was which incited him to ravage the West country with such remorselessness, and which, when our men were next day repulsed at Glasgow with the loss of lives, made him hinder the removal of the bodies from the streets, till it was said the butchers' dogs began to prey upon them.

But not to insist on matters of hearsay, nor to dwell at any greater length on those afflicting events, I must refer the courteous

reader to the history of the times for what followed, it being enough for me to state here, that as soon as the news spread of the battle and the victory, the persecuted ran flocking in from all quarters, by which the rope of sand, that the Lord permitted Monmouth to break at Bothwell-brigg, was soon formed. My brother and my son were both there, and there my gallant Michael lies. My brother, then verging on threescore, being among the prisoners, was, after sore sufferings in the Greyfriars church-yard of Edinburgh, sent on board a vessel as a bondsman to the plantations in America. His wrongs, however, were happily soon over; for the ship in which he was embarked perished among the Orkney islands, and he, with two hundred other sufferers, received the crown of martyrdom from the waves.

O Charles Stuart, king of Scotland! and thou, James Sharp!—false and cruel men——

But ye are called to your account ; and what  
avails it now to the childless father to rail  
upon your memory ?

## CHAP. XII.

BEFORE proceeding farther at this present time with the doleful tale of my own sufferings, it is required of me, as an impartial historian, to note here a very singular example of the spirit of piety which reigned in the hearts of the Covenanters, especially as I shall have to show that such was the cruel and implacable nature of the Persecution, that time had not its wonted influence to soften in any degree its rigour. Thirteen years had passed from the time of the Pentland raid; and surely the manner in which the country had suffered for that rising might, in so long a course of years, have subdued the animosity with which we were pursued; especially, as during the Earl of Tweeddale's administration the bonds of peace had been accepted. But Lauderdale, now at the head of the councils, was rapacious

for money ; and therefore all offences, if I may employ that courtly term, by which our endeavours to taste of the truth were designated,—all old offences, as I was saying, were renewed against us as recent crimes, and an innocent charity to the remains of those who had suffered for the Pentland raid was made a reason, after the battle of Bothwell-brigg, to revive the persecution of those who had been out in that affair.

The matter particularly referred to arose out of the following circumstances :

The number of honest and pious men who were executed in different places, and who had their heads and their right hands with which they signed the Covenant at Lanerk cut off, and placed on the gates of towns and over the doors of 'tolbooths, had been very great. And it was very grievous, and a sore thing to the friends and acquaintances of those martyrs, when they went to Glasgow, or Kilmarnock, or Irvine, or Ayr, on their farm-

business, to tryst or market, to see the remains of persons, whom they so loved and respected in life, bleaching in the winds and the rains of Heaven. It was indeed a matter of great heart-sadness, to behold such animosity carried beyond the grave; and few they were who could withstand the sight of the orphans that came thither, pointing out to one another their fathers' bones, and weeping as they did so, and vowing with an innocent indignation, that they would revenge their martyrdom.

Well do I remember the great sorrow that arose one market-day in Irvine, some five or six years after the Pentland raid, when Mrs Mc-Coul came, with her four weans and her aged gudemother, to look at the relics of her husband, who was martyred for his part in that rising. The bones were standing, with those of another martyr of that time, on a shelf which had been put up for the purpose, below the first wicket-hole in the steeple, just above the door. The two women were very

decent in their apparel, rather more so than the common country wives. The gudemo-ther, in particular, had a cast of gentility both in her look and garments; and I have heard the cause of it expounded, from her having been the daughter of one of the Reformation preachers in the gospel-spreading epoch of John Knox. She had a crimson satin plaid over her head, and she wore a black silk apron and a grey camlet gown. With the one hand she held the plaid close to her neck, and the youngest child, a lassie of seven years or so, had hold of her by the fore-finger of the other.

Mrs M'Coul was more of a robust fabric, and she was without any plaid, soberly dressed in the weeds of a widow, with a clean cambric handkerchief very snodly prined over her breast. The children were likewise beinly apparelled, and the two sons were buirdly and brave laddies, the one about nine, and the other maybe eleven years old.

It would seem that this had been the first of their pilgrimages of sorrow ; for they stood some time in a row at the foot of the tolbooth stair, looking up at the remains, and wondering, with tears in their eyes, which were those they had come to see.

Their appearance drew around them many on-lookers, both of the country-folk about the Cross and inhabitants of the town ; but every one respected their sorrow, and none ventured to disturb them with any questions ; for all saw that they were kith or kin to the godly men who had testified to the truth and the Covenant in death.

It happened, however, that I had occasion to pass by, and some of the town's folk who recollected me, said whisperingly to one another, but loud enough to be heard, that I was one of the persecuted ; whereupon Mrs McCoul turned round and said to me, with a constrained composure—

“ Can ye tell me whilk o’ yon’s the head



and hand o' John M'Coul, that was executed for the covenanting at Lanerk ?”

I knew the remains well, for they had been pointed out to me, and I had seen them very often, but really the sight of the two women and the fatherless bairns so overcame me, that I was unable to answer.

“ It's the head and the hand beside it, that has but twa fingers left, on the Kirkgate end o' the skelf !” replied a person in the crowd, whom I knew at once by his voice to be Willy Sutherland the hangman, although I had not seen him from the night of my evasion. And here let me not forget to set down the Christian worth and constancy of that simple and godly creature, who, rather than be instrumental in the guilty judgment by which John M'Coul and his fellow-sufferer were doomed to die, did himself almost endure martyrdom, and yet never swerved in his purpose, nor was abated in his integrity, in so much, that when questioned thereafter anent the same by the

Earl of Eglinton, and his lordship, being moved by the simplicity of his piety, said, "Poor man, you did well in not doing what they would have had you to do."

"My Lord," replied Willy, "you are speaking treason! and yet you persecute to the uttermost, which shows that you go against the light of your conscience."

"Do you say so to me, after I kept you from being hanged?" said his Lordship

"Keep me from being drowned, and I will tell you the verity." The which honesty in that poor man begat for him a compassionate regard that the dignities of many great and many noble in that time could never command.

When the sorrowful M'Couls had indulged themselves in their melancholy contemplation, they went away, followed by the multitude with silence and sympathy, till they had mounted upon the cart which they had brought with them into the town. But from that

time every one began to speak of the impiety of leaving the bones so woefully exposed ; and after the skirmish at Drunclog, where Robin M'Coul, the eldest of the two striplings above spoken of, happened to be, when Mr John Welsh, with the Carrick men that went to Bothwell-brigg, was sent into Glasgow to bury the heads and hands of the martyrs there, Robin M'Coul came with a party of his friends to Irvine, to bury his father's bones. I was not myself present at the interment, being, as I have narrated, confined to my bed by reason of my wound. But I was told by the neighbours, that it was a very solemn and affecting scene. The grieved lad carried the relics of his father in a small box in his hands, covered with a white towel ; and the godly inhabitants of the town, young and old, and of all denominations, to the number of several hundreds, followed him to the grave where the body was lying ; and Willy Sutherland, moved by a simple sorrow, was the last of all ; and he

walked, as I was told, alone, behind, with his bonnet in his hand ; for, from his calling, he counted himself not on an equality with other men. But it is time that I should return from this digression to the main account of my narrative.

## CHAP. XIII.

BEING wounded, as I have rehearsed, at Drumclog, and carried to my own house, Sarah Lochrig, while she grieved with a mother's grief for the loss of our first-born, and the mournful fate of my honest brother, advanced my cure more by her loving ministrations to my aching mind, than by the medicaments that were applied to the broken wound, in so much that something like a dawn of comfort was vouchsafed to me.

Our parish was singularly allowed to remain unmolested when, after the woful day of Bothwell-brigg, Claverhouse came to ravage the shire of Ayr, and to take revenge for the discomfiture which he had suffered, in his endeavour to disturb the worship and sacrament

at Loudon-hill. Still, however, at times clouds overcame my spirit ; and one night my daughter Margaret had a remarkable dream, which taught us to expect some particular visitation.

It was surely a mysterious reservation for the greater calamity which ensued, that while the vial of wrath was pouring out around us, my house should have been allowed to remain so unmolested. Often indeed, when in our nightly worship I returned thanks for a blessing so wonderful in that time of general war, has a strange fear fallen upon me, and I have trembled in thought, as if the thing for which I sent up the incense of my thanks to Heaven, was a device of the Enemy of man, to make me think myself more deserving of favour than the thousands of covenanted brethren who then, in Scotland, were drinking of the bitterness of the suffering. But in proportion as I was then spared, the heavier afterwards was my trial.

Among the prisoners taken at Bothwell-brigg were many persons from our parish and neighbourhood, who, after their unheard, of sufferings among the tombs and graves of the Greyfriars church-yard at Edinburgh, were allowed to return home. Though in this there was a show of clemency, it was yet but a more subtle method of the tyranny to reach new victims. For those honest men were not long home till grievous circuit-courts were set agoing, to bring to trial not only all those who were at Bothwell, or approved of that rising, but likewise those who had been at the Pentland raid, and the better to ensure condemnation and punishment, sixteen persons were cited from every parish to bear witness as to who, among their neighbours, had been out at Bothwell, or had harboured any of those who were there. The wicked curates made themselves, in this grievous matter, engines of espionage, by giving in the names of those, their parishion-

ers, whom they knew could bear the best testimony.

Thus it was, that many who had escaped from the slaughter—from the horrors of the Greyfriars church-yard—and from the drowning in the Orkneys,—and, like myself, had resumed their quiet country labour, were marked out for destruction. For the witnesses cited to Ayr against us were persons who had been released from the Greyfriars church-yard, as I have said, and who, being honest men, could not, when put to their oaths, but bear witness to the truth of the matters charged against us. And nothing surely could better show the devilish spirit with which those in authority were at that time actuated, nor the unchristian nature of the prelacy, than that the prisoners should thus have been set free to be made the accusers of their neighbours; and that the curates, men professing to be ministers of the gospel, should have been such fit instruments for such unheard-of



machinations. But to hasten forward to the fate and issue of this self-consuming tyranny, I shall leave all generalities, and proceed with the events of my own case; and, in doing so, I shall endeavour what is in me to inscribe the particulars with a steady hand; for I dare no longer now trust myself with looking to the right or to the left of the field of my matter. I shall, however, try to narrate things just as they happened, leaving the courteous reader to judge what passed at the time in the suffocating throbs wherewith my heart was then affected.

It was the last day of February, of the year following Bothwell-brigg, that, in consequence of these subtle and wicked devices, I was taken up. I had, from my wound, been in an ailing state for many months, and could then do little in the field; but the weather for the season was mild, and I had walked out in the tranquillity of a sunny afternoon to give my son Joseph some in-

structions in the method of ploughing; for, though he was then but in his thirteenth year, he was a by-common stripling in capacity and sense. He was indeed a goodly plant; and I had hoped, in my old age, to have sat beneath the shelter of his branches; but the axe of the feller was untimely laid to the root, and it was too soon, with all the blossoms of the fairest promise, cast down into the dust. But my task now is of vengeance and justice, not of sorrowing, and I must more sternly grasp the iron pen.

A party of soldiers, who had been that afternoon sent out to bring in certain persons (among whom I was one) in a list malignantly transmitted to the Archbishop of Glasgow, by Andrew Dornoch, the prelate's successor of our minister's place, as I was leaving the field where my son was ploughing, saw me from the road, and ordered me to halt till they came up, or they would fire

It would have been unavailing of me, in the state I then was, to have attempted to flee, so I halted; and, after some entreaty with the soldiers, got permission from them to have my horse and cart yoked, as I was not very well, and so to be carried to Ayr. And here I should note down that, although there was in general a coarse spirit among the King's forces, yet in these men there was a touch of common humanity. This was no doubt partly owing to their having been some months quartered in Irvine, where they became naturally softened by the friendly spirit of the place. It was not, however, ordained that men so merciful should be permitted to remain long there.

As it was an understood thing that the object of the trials to which the Covenanters were in this manner subjected, was chiefly to raise money and forfeitures for the rapacious Duke of Lauderdale, then in the rule and power of the council at Edinburgh, my being

carried away prisoner to Ayr awakened less grief and consternation in my family than might have been expected from the event. Through the humane permission of my guard, having a little time to confer with Sarah Lochrig before going away, it was settled between us that she should gather together what money she could procure, either by loan, or by selling our corn and cattle, in order to provide for the payment of the fine that we counted would be laid upon us. I was then taken to the tolbooth of Ayr, where many other covenanted brethren were lying to await the proceedings of the circuit-court, which was to be opened by the Lord Kelburne from Glasgow, on the second day after I had been carried thither.

Among the prisoners were several who knew me well, and who condoled as Christians with me for the loss I had sustained at Bothwell; so, but for the denial of the fresh and heavenly air, and the freedom of the

fields, the time of our captivity might have been a season of much solace: for they were all devout men, and the tolbooth, instead of resounding with the imprecations of malefactors, became melodious with the voice of Psalms and of holy communion, and the sweet intercourse of spirits that delighted in one another for the constancy with which they had borne their testimony.

When the Lord Kelburne arrived, on the first day that the court opened, I was summoned to respond to the offences laid to my charge, if any charge of offence it may be called, wherein the purpose of the court was seemingly to search out opinions that might serve as matter to justify the infliction of the fines,—the whole end and intent of those circuits not being to award justice, but to find the means of extorting money. In some respects, however, I was more mercifully dealt by than many of my fellow-sufferers; but in order to show how, even in my case,

the laws were perverted, I will here set down a brief record of my examination, or trial as it was called.

## CHAP. XIV.

THE council-room was full of people when I was taken thither, and the Lord Kelburne, who sat at the head of the table, was abetted in the proceedings by Murray, an advocate from Edinburgh. They were sitting at a wide round table, within a fence which prevented the spectators from pressing in upon them. There were many papers and letters folded up in bundles lying before them, and a candle burning, and wax for sigillation. Besides Lord Kelburne and his counsellor, there were divers gentlemen seated at the table, and two clerks to make notations.

Lord Kelburne, in his appearance, was a mild-looking man, and for his years his hair was very hoary ; for though he was seemingly not passing fifty, it was in a manner white

blanched. In speech he was moderate, in disposition indulgent, and verily towards me he acted in his harsh duty with much gentleness.

But Murray had a dour aspect for his years, and there was a smile among his features not pleasant to behold, breeding rather distrust and dread, than winning confidence or affection, which are the natural fruit of a countenance rightly gladdened. He looked at me from beneath his brows as if I had been a malefactor, and turning to the Lord Kelburne, said—

“He has the true fanatical yellow look.”

This was a base observe; for naturally I was of a fresh complexion, but my long illness, and the close air of the prison, had made me pale.

After some more impertinencies of that sort, he then said—

“Ringan Gilhaize, you were at the battle of Bothwell-brigg.”



“ I was not,” said I.

“ You do not mean to say so, surely ?”

“ I have said it,” was my answer.

Whereupon one of the clerks whispered to him that there were three of the name in the list.

“ O !” cried he, “ I crave your pardon, Ringan, there are several persons of your name ; and though you were not at Bothwell yourself, maybe ye ken those of your name who were there,—Do you ?”

“ I did know two,” was my calm answer ;  
“ one was my brother, and the other my son.”

All present remained very silent as I made this answer ; and the Lord Kelburne bending forward, leant his cheek on his hand as he rested his elbow on the table, and looked very earnestly at me. Murray resumed—

“ And pray now, Ringan, tell us what has become of the two rebels ?”

“ They were covenanted Christians,” said

I ; “ my son lies buried with those that were slain on that sore occasion.”

“ But your brother ; he was of course younger than you ?”

“ No ; he was older.”

“ Well, well, no matter as to that ; but where is he ?”

“ I believe he is with his Maker ; but his body lies among the rocks at the bottom of the Orkney seas.”

The steadiness of the Lord Kelburne’s countenance saddened into the look of compassion, and he said to Murray—

“ There is no use in asking him any more questions about them, proceed with the ordinary interrogatories.”

There was a murmur of satisfaction towards his Lordship at this ; and Murray said—

“ And so you say that those in the late rebellion at Bothwell were not rebels ?”

“ I said, sir, that my son and my brother were covenanted Christians.”

This I delivered with a firm voice, which seemed to produce some effect on the Lord Kelburne, who threw himself back in his chair, and crossing his arms over his breast, looked still more eagerly towards me.

“Do you mean then to deny,” said Murray, “that the late rebellion was not a rebellion?”

“It would be hard, sir, to say what it ~~was~~; for the causes thereto leading,” replied I, “were provocations concerning things of God, and to those who were for that reason religiously there, I do not think, in a right sense, it can be called rebellion. Those ~~who~~ were there for carnal motives, and I ~~doubt~~ not there were many such, I fancy every honest man may say it was with them rebellion.”

“I must deal more closely with him,” said Murray to his Lordship; but his Lordship, before allowing him to put any more questions, said himself to me—

“ But you know, to state the thing plainly, that the misguided people who were at Bothwell, had banded themselves against the laws of the realm, whether from religious or carnal motives is not the business we are here to sift, that point is necessarily remitted to God and their consciences.”

Murray added, “ It is most unreasonable to suppose, that every subject is free to determine of what is lawful to be obeyed. The thought is ridiculous. It would destroy the end of all laws which are for the advantage of communities, and which speak the sense of the generality touching the matter and things to which they refer.”

“ My Lord,” said I, addressing myself to Lord Kelburne, “ it surely will ne’er be denied, that every subject is free to exercise his discretion with respect to his ain conduct ; and your Lordship kens vera weel, that it is the duty of subjects to know the laws of the land ; and your Lordship likewise knows, that God

has given laws to all rulers as well as subjects, and both may and ought to know His laws. Now if I, knowing both the laws of God and the laws of the land, find the one contrary to the other, undoubtedly God's laws ought to have the preference in my obedience."

His Lordship looked somewhat satisfied with this answer; but Murray said to him—

"I will pose him with this question. If presbyterian government were established, as it was in the year 1648, and some ministers were not free to comply with it, and a law were made that none should hear them out of doors, would you judge it reasonable that such ministers or their people should be at liberty to act in contempt of that law?"

And he looked mightily content with himself for this subtlety; but I said—

"Really, sir, I cannot see a reason why hearkening to a preaching in the fields should be a greater guilt than doing the same thing in doors."

"If I were of your principles," said the advocate, "and thought in my conscience that the laws of the land were contrary to the laws of God, and that I could not conform to them, I would judge it my duty rather to go out of the nation and live elsewhere, than disturb the peace of the land."

"That were to suppose two things," said I; "first, that rulers may make laws contrary to the laws of God, and that when such laws are once made, they ought to be submitted to. But I think, sir, that rulers being under the law of God act wickedly, and in rebellion to him, when they make enactments contrary to his declared will; and surely it can ne'er be required that we should allow wickedness to be done."

"I am not sure," said Murray to his Lordship, "that I do right in continuing this irrelevant conversation."

"I am interested in the honest man's defence," replied Lord Kelburne, "and as 'tis

in a matter of conscience, let us hear what makes it so."

"Well then," resumed the advocate, "what can you say to the barbarous murder of Archbishop Sharp?—You will not contend that murder is not contrary to the law of God?"

"I ne'er contended," said I, "that any sin was permitted by the law of God—far less murder, which is expressly forbidden in the Ten Commands."

"Then ye acknowledge the murder of the Archbishop to have been murder?"

"That's between those that did it and God."

"Hooly, hooly, friend!" cried Murray; "that, Ringan, winna do; was it or was it not murder?"

"Can I tell, who was not there?"

"Then, to satisfy your conscience on ~~that~~ score, Ringan, I would ask you, if a gang of ruffians slay a defenceless man, do or do they not commit murder?"

“ I can easily answer that.”

Lord Kelburne again bent eagerly forward, and rested his cheek again on his hand, placing his elbow on the table, while I continued—

“ A gang of ruffians coming in wantonness, or for plunder, upon a defenceless man, and putting him to death, there can be no doubt is murder ; but it has not yet been called murder to kill an enemy in battle ; and therefore, if the captain of a host go to war without arms, and thereby be defenceless, it cannot be said, that those of the adverse party, who may happen to slay him, do any murder.”

“ Do you mean to justify the manner of the death of the Archbishop ?” exclaimed the advocate, starting back, and spreading out his arms in wonderment.

“ Deed no, sir,” replied I, a little nettled at the construction he would put upon what I said ; “ but I will say, even here, what Sir



Davie Lindsay o' the Mount said on the similar event o' Cardinal Beaton's death,—

“ As for this Cardinal, I grant  
He was the man we might well want ;  
God will forgive it soon :  
But of a truth, the sooth to say,  
Although the loon be well away,  
The fact was foully done.”

There was a rustle of gratification among all in the court as I said the rhyme, and Lord Kelburne smiled ; but Murray, somewhat out of humour, said—

“ I fancy, my Lord, we must consider ~~this~~ as an admission that the killing of the Arch-bishop was murder ?”

“ I fear,” said his Lordship, “ that neither of the two questions have been so directly put as to justify me to pronounce any decision, though I am willing to put the most favourable construction on what has passed.” And then his Lordship, looking to me, added—

“Do you consider the late rebellion, being contrary to the King’s authority, rebellion?”

“Contrary to the King’s right authority,” replied I, “it was not rebellion, but contrary to an authority, beyond the right, taken by him, despite the law of God, it was rebellion.”

“Wherefore, honest man,” rejoined his Lordship kindly, “would you make a distinction that may bring harm on your own head? Is not the King’s authority instituted by law and prerogative, and knowing that, cannot ye say, that those who rise in arms against it are rebels?”

“My Lord,” said I, “you have my answer; for in truth and in conscience I can give none other.”

There was a pause for a short space, and one of the clerks looking to Lord Kelburne, his Lordship said, with a plain reluctance, “It must even be so; write down that he is

not clear the late rebellion should be called a rebellion ;” and casting his eyes entreatingly towards me, he added—“ But I think you acknowledge that the assassination of Archbishop Sharp was a murder ?”

“ My Lord,” said I, “ your questions are propounded as tests, and therefore, as an honest man, I cannot suffer that my answers should be scant, lest I might be thought to waver in faith and was backward in my testimony. No, my Lord, I will not call the killing of Sharp murder ; for, on my conscience, I do verily think he deserved the death : First, because of his apostacy ; second, because of the laws of which he was the instigator, whereby the laws of God have been contravened ; and, third, for the woe that those laws have brought upon the land the which stirred the hearts of the people against him. Above all, I think his death was no murder, because he was so strong in his legalities, that he could not be brought to

punishment by those to whom he had caused the greatest wrong ;” and I thought, in saying these words, of my brother’s desolated daughter—of his own sad death in the stormy seas of the Orkneys—and of my brave and gallant Michael, that was lying in his shroudless grave in the cold clay of Bothwell.

Lord Kelburne was troubled at my answer, and was about to remonstrate ; but seeing the tear start into my eye as those things came into my mind, he said nothing, but nodding to the clerk, he bade him write down that I would not acknowledge the killing of the Archbishop a murder. He then rose and adjourned the court, remanding me to prison, saying, that he would send me word what would be the extent of my punishment.

## CHAP. XV.

THE same night it was intimated to me that I was fined in five hundred marks, and that bonds were required to be given for the payment; upon the granting of which, in consideration of my ill health, the Lord Kelburne had consented I should be set free.

This was, in many respects, a more lenient sentence than I had expected; and in the hope that perhaps Sarah Lochrig might have been able to provide the money, so as to render the granting of the bonds and the procuring of cautioners unnecessary, I sent over a man on horseback to tell her the news; and the man in returning brought my son Joseph behind him, sent by his mother to urge me to give the bonds at once, as she had not been able to raise so much money; and the more

to incite me, if there had been need for incitement, she had willed Joseph to tell me that a party of Claverhouse's dragoons had been quartered on the house that morning, to live there till the fine was paid.

Of the character\* of those freebooters I needed no certificate. They had filled every other place wherever they had been quartered with shame and never-ceasing sorrow, and therefore I was indeed roused to hear that my defenceless daughters were in their power. So I lost no time in sending my son to entreat two of his mother's relations, who were being merchants in Ayr, to join me in the bond,—a thing which they did in the most compassionate manner ;—and, the better to expedite the business, I got it to be permitted by the Lord Kelburne that the bonds should be sent the same day to Irvine, where I hoped to be able next morning to discharge them. All this was happily concerted and brought to a pleasant issue before sunset ;—at which time

I was discharged from the tolbooth, carrying with me many pious wishes from those who were there, and who had not been so gently dealt by.

It was my intent to have proceeded home the same night, but my son was very tired with the many errands he had run that day, and by his long ride in the morning ; moreover, I was myself in need of repose, for my anxiety had brought on a disturbance in my blood, and my limbs shook, and I was altogether unable to undertake any journey. I was therefore too easily entreated of Archibald Lochrig, my wife's cousin, and one of my cautioners, to stop in his house that evening. But next morning, being much refreshed with a pleasant sleep and the fallacious cheering of happy dreams, I left Ayr, with my son, before the break of day, and we travelled with light feet, for our hearts were lifted up with hope.

Though my youth was long past, and many

things had happened to sadden my spirit, I yet felt on that occasion an unaccountable sense of kindness and joy. The flame of life was as it were renewed, and brightened in the pure and breezy air of the morning, and a bounding gladness rose in my bosom as my eye expatiated around in the freedom of the spacious fields. On the left-hand the living sea seemed as if the pulses of its moving waters were in unison with the throbbings of my spirit; and, like jocund maidens disporting themselves in the flowing tide, the gentle waves, lifting their heads, and spreading out their arms and raising their white bosoms to the rising sun, came as it were happily to the smooth sands of the sparkling shore. The grace of enjoyment brightened and blithened all things. There was a cheerfulness in the songs of the little birds that enchanted the young heart of my blooming boy to break forth into singing, and his carol was gayer than the melody of the lark.



But that morning was the last time that either of us could\* ever after know pleasure any more in this world.

Eager to be home, and that I might share with Sarah Lochrig and our children the joy of thankfulness for my deliverance, I had resolved to call, in passing through Irvine, at the clerk's chamber, to inquire if the bonds had been sent from Ayr, that my cautioners might be as soon as possible discharged. But we had been so early a-foot that we reached the town while the inhabitants were yet all asleep, so that we thought it would be as well to go straight home; and accordingly we passed down the gait and through the town-end port without seeing any person in the street, save only the town-herd, as he was going with his horn to sound for the cows to be sent out to go with him to the moor.

The sight of a town in the peacefulness of the morning slumbers, and of a simple man

going forth to lead the quiet cattle to pasture, filled my mind with softer thoughts than I had long known, and I said to my son—

“Surely those who would molest the peace of the poor hae ne’er rightly tasted the blessing of beholding the confidence with which they trust themselves in the watches of the night and amidst the perils of their barren lot.” And I felt my heart thaw again into charity with all men, and I was thankful for the delight.

As I was thus tasting again the luxury of gentle thoughts, a band of five dragoons came along the road, and Joseph said to me that they were the same who had been quartered in our house. I looked at them as they passed by, but they turned their heads aside.

“I wonder,” said my son, “that they did not speak to me: I thought they had a black look.”

“No doubt, Joseph,” was my answer, “the men are no lost to a sense of shame.

They canna but be rebuked at the sight of a man that, maybe against their will, poor fellows, they were sent to oppress."

"I dinna like them the day, father, they're unco like ill-doers," said the thoughtful and observing stripling.

But my spirit was at the time full of good-will towards all men, and I reasoned with him against giving way to unkind thoughts, expounding, to the best of my ability, the nature of gospel-charity, and the heavenlyness of good-will, saying to him—

"The nature of charity 's like the light o' the sun, by which all things are cherished. It is the brightness of the soul, and the glorious quality which proves our celestial descent. Our other feelings are common to a' creatures, but the feeling of charity is divine. It's the only thing in which man partakes of the nature of God."

Discoursing in this scriptural manner, we reached the Gowan-brae. My heart beat high

with gladness. My son bounded forward to tell his mother and sisters of my coming. On gaining the brow of the hill he leapt from the ground with a frantic cry and clasped his hands. I ran towards him—but I remember no more,—though at times something crosses my mind, and I have wild visions of roofless walls, and a crowd of weeping women and silent men digging among ashes, and a beautiful body, all dropping wet, brought on a deal from the mill-dam, and of men, as it was carried by, seizing me by the arms and tying my hands,—and then I fancy myself in a house fastened to a chair;—and sometimes I think I was lifted out and placed to bask in the sun and to taste the fresh air. But what these things import I dare only guess, for no one has ever told me what became of my benign Sarah Lochrig and our two blooming daughters;—all is phantasma that I recollect of the day of my return home. I said my soul was iron, and my heart converted into

stone. O that they were indeed so ! But sorrowing is a vain thing, and my task must not stand still.

When I left Ayr the leaves were green, and the fields gay, and the waters glad ; and when the yellow leaf rustled on the ground, and the waters were drumly, and the river roaring, I was somehow, I know not by what means, in the kirk-yard, and a film fell from the eyes of my reason,\* and I looked around, and my little boy had hold of me by the hand, and I said to him, “ Joseph, what’s *yon* see big and green in our lair ?” and he gazed in my face, and the tears came into his eyes, and he replied—

“ Father, they are a’ in the *same* grave.” I took my hand out of his ;—I walked slowly to the green tomb ;—I knelt down, and I caused my son to kneel beside me, and I vowed enmity for ever against Charles Stuart and all of his line ; and I prayed, in the words of the Psalmist, that when he was judged he

might be condemned. Then we rose ; but my son said to me—

“ Father, I canna wish his condemnation ; but I’ll fight by your side till we have harl him down from his bloody throne.”

And I felt that I had forgotten. I was a Christian, and I again knelt down and prayed, but it was for the sin I had done in the vengeance of the latter clause. “ Nevertheless, Lord,” I then cried, “ as thou thyself didst take the sceptre from Saul, and gave the crown to David, make me an instrument to work out the purposes of thy dreadful justice, which in time will come to be.”

Then I rose again, and went towards the place where my home had been ; but when I saw the ruins I ran back to the kirk-yard, and threw myself on the grate, and cried to the earth to open and receive me.

But the Lord had heard my prayer, and while I lay there he sent down his consoling angel, and the whirlwind of my spirit was

calmed, and I remembered the promise of my son to fight by my side, and I rose to prepare myself for the warfare.

While I was lying on the ground several of the neighbours had heard my wild cries, and came into the kirk-yard; but by that time the course of the tempest had been staid, and they stood apart with my son, who told them I was come again to myself, and they thought they ought not to disturb me; when, however, they saw me rise, they drew near and spoke kindly to me, and Zachariah Smylie invited me to go back with him to his house; for it was with him that I had been sheltered during the phrenzy. But I said—

“No: I will neither taste meat nor drink, nor seek to rest myself, till I have again a sword.” And I entreated him to give me a little money, that, with my son, we might go into Irvine and provide ourselves with weapons.

The worthy man looked very sorrowful to hear me so speak, and some of the others, that

were standing by, began to reason with me, and to represent the peril of any enterprise at that time. But I pointed to the grave, and said—

“ Friens, do you ken what’s in yon place, and do ye counsel me to peace?” At which words they turned aside and shook their heads ; and Zachariah Smylie went and brought me a purse of money, which having put into my bosom, I took my son by the hand, and bidding them all farewell, we walked to the town silently together, and I thought of my brother’s words in his grief, that the speed of lightning was slow to the wishes of revenge.



## CHAP. XVI.

On arriving in Irvine, we went to the shop of Archibald Macrusty, a dealer in iron implements, and I bought from him two swords without hilts, which he sold, wrapt in straw-rope, as scythe-blades,—a method of disguise that the ironmongers were obligated to have recourse to at that time, on account of the search now and then made for weapons by the soldiers, ever from the time that Claverhouse came to disarm the people; and when I had bought the two blades we went to Bailie Girvan's shop, which was a nest of a' things, and bought two hilts, without any questions being asked: for the bailie was a discreet man, with a warm heart to the Covenant, and not selling whole swords, but only hilts and hefts, it could not be im-

puted to him that he was guilty of selling arms to suspected persons.

Being thus provided with two swords, we went into James Glassop's public, where, having partaken of some refreshment, we remained solemnly sitting by ourselves till towards the gloaming, when, recollecting that it would be a comfort to us in the halts of our undertaking, I sent out my son to buy a Bible, and while he was absent I fell asleep.

On awaking from my slumber I felt greatly composed and refreshed. I reflected on the events of the day, and the terrible truths that had broken in upon me, and I was not moved with the same stings of desperation that, on my coming to myself, had shot like fire through my brain; so I began to consider of the purpose whereon I was bowne, and that I had formed no plan, nor settled towards what airt I should direct my steps. But I was not the less determined

to proceed, and I said to my son, who was sitting very thoughtful with **THE BOOK** lying on the table before him—

“ Open the Bible, and see what the Lord instructs us to do at this time.” And he opened it, and the first words he saw and read were those of the nineteenth verse of the forty-eighth chapter of the Prophet Jeremiah,—

‘ O inhabitant of Aroer, stand by the way and espy ; ask him that fleeth, and her that escapeth, and say, What is done ?’

So I rose, and bidding my son close the Book, and bring it with him, we went out, with our sword-hilts, and the blades still with the straw-rope about them, in our hands, into the street together, where we had not long been when a soldier on horseback passed us in great haste ; and many persons spoke to him as he rode by, inquiring what news he had brought ; but he was in trouble of mind, and heeded them not till he reached the door

of the house where the captain of the soldiers then in Irvine was abiding.

When he had gone into the house and delivered his message, he returned to the street, where by that time a multitude, among which we were, had assembled, and he told to the many, who inquired as it were with one voice,—That Mr Cargill, and a numerous party of the Cameronians, had passed that afternoon through Galston, and it was thought they meditated some disturbance on the skirts of Kilmarnock, which made the commander of the King's forces in that town send for aid to the captain of those then in Irvine.

As soon as I heard the news, I resolved to go that night to Kilmarnock, and abide with my sister-in-law, the widow of my brother Jacob, by whose instrumentality I thought we might hear where the Cameronians then were. For, although I approved not of their separation from the general presbyterian kirk of Scotland, nor was altogether content with

their declaration published at Sanquhar, there was yet one clause which, to my spirit, impoverished of all hope, was as food and raiment ; and that there may be no perversion concerning the same in after times, I shall here set down the words of the clause, and the words are these :—

“ Although we be for government and governors such as the Word of God and our Covenant allows, yet we for ourselves, and all that will adhere to us, do, by thir presents, disown Charles Stuart, that has been reigning (or rather tyrannizing as we may say) on the throne of Britain these years bygone, ~~as~~ having any right or title to, or interest in, the crown of Scotland for government, ~~he~~ having forfeited the same several years since by his perjury and breach of Covenant both to God and His kirk ;” and further, I did approve of those passages wherein it was declared, that he “ should have been denuded of being king, ruler, or magistrate, or having

any power to act or to be obeyed as such :” as also, “ we being under the standard of our Lord Jesus Christ, Captain of Salvation, do declare a war with such a tyrant and usurper, and all the men of his practices, as enemies to our Lord.”

Accordingly, on hearing that the excommunicated and suffering society of the Cameronians were so near, I resolved, on receiving the soldier’s information, and on account of that recited clause of the Sanquhar declaration, to league myself with them, and to fight in their avenging battles ; for, like me, they had endured irremediable wrongs, injustice, and oppressions, from the persecutors, and for that cause had, like me, abjured the doomed and papistical race of the tyrannical Stuarts. With my son, therefore, I went toward Kilmarnock, in the hope and with the intent expressed ; and though the road was five long miles, and though I had not spoken more to him all day, nor for days,

and weeks, and months before, than I have set down herein, we yet continued to travel in silence.

The night was bleak, and the wind easterly, but the road was dry, and my thoughts were eager; and we hastened onward, and reached the widow's door, without the interchange of a word in all the way.

"Wha do ye want?" said my son, "for naeboddy hae lived here since the death of aunty."

I was smote upon the heart, by these few words, as it were with a stone; for it had not come into my mind to think of inquiring how long the eclipse of my reason had lasted, nor of what had happened among our friends in the interim. This shock, however, had a salutary effect in staying the haste which was still in my thoughts, and I conversed with my son more collectedly than I could have done before it, and he told me of many things very doleful to hear, but I was thankful to

learn, that the end of my brother's widow had been in peace, and not caused by any of those grievous mechnances which darkened the latter days of so many of the pious in that epoch of the great displeasure.

But the disappointment of finding that Death had barred her door against us, made it needful to seek a resting-place in some public, and as it was not prudent to carry our blades and hilts into any such place of promiscuous resort, we went up the town, and hid them by the star-light in a field at a ~~lake-side~~, and then returning as wayfarers, we entered a public, and bespoke a bed for the night.

While we were sitting in that house by the kitchen fire, I bethought me of the Bible which my son had in his hand, and told him that it would do us good if he would read a chapter; but just as he was beginning, the mistress said—

“Sirs, dinna expose yoursels; for wha



kens but the enemy may come in upon you. It's an unco thing now-a-days to be seen reading the Bible in a change-house."

So, being thus admonished, I bade my son put away the Book; and we retired from the fireside, and sat by ourselv in the shadow of a corner: and well it was for us that we did so, and a providential thing that the worthy woman had been moved to give us the admonition; for we were not many minutes within the mirk and obscurity into which we had removed, when two dragoons, who had been skirring the country, like blood-hounds, in pursuit of Mr Cargill, came in and cut themselves down by the fire. Being sorely tired with their day's hard riding, they were wroth and blasphemous against all the Covenanters for the trouble they gave them; and I thought when I heard them venting their bitterness, that they spoke as with the voice of the persecutors that were the true cause of the grievances whereof they com-

plained ; for no doubt it was a hateful thing to persons dressed in authority not to get their own way, yet I could not but wonder how it never came into the minds of such persons, that if they had not trodden upon the worm it would never have turned. As for the Cameronians they were at war with the house of Stuart, and having disowned King Charles, it was a thing to be looked for, that all of his sect and side would be their consistent enemies. So I was none troubled by what the soldiers said of them, but my spirit was chafed into the quick to hear the remorselessness of their enmity against all the Covenanters and presbyterians, respecting whom they swore with the hoarseness of revenge, wishing in such a frightful manner the whole of us in the depths of perdition, that I could no longer hear them without rebuking their cruel hatred and most foul impiety.

## CHAP. XVII.

“WHAT gars you, young man,” said I to the fiercest of the two dragoons, an Englisher, “what gars you in that dreadful manner hate and blaspheme honest men, who would, if they were permitted, dwell in peace with all mankind?”

“Permitted!” cried he, turning round and placing his chair between me and the door, “and who does not permit them? Let them seek the way to heaven according to law, and no one will trouble them.”

“The law, I’m thinking,” replied I very mildly, “is mair likely to direct them to an other place.”

“Here’s a fellow,” cried the soldier, riotously laughing to his companion, “that calls the King’s proclamation the devil’s finger-

post. I say, friend, come a little nearer the light. Is your name Cargill?"

"No," replied I; and the light of the fire then happening to shine bright in his face, my son laid his trembling hand on mine, and whispered to me with a faltering tongue—

"O! it's one of the villains that burnt our house, and ——"

What more he added I know not, for at the word I leapt from my seat, and rushed upon the soldier. His companion flew in between us; but the moment that the criminal saw my son, who also sprung forward, he uttered a fearful howl of horror, and darted out of the house.

The other soldier was surprised, but collected; and shutting the door, to prevent us from pursuing or escaping, said—

"What the devil's this?"

"That's my father," said my son boldly, Ringan Gilhaize of Quharist."

The dragoon looked at me for a moment

with concern in his countenance, and then replied, "I have heard of your name, but I was not of the party. It was a damned black job. But sit down, Ecclesfield will not be back. He has ever since of a night been afraid of ghosts, and he's off as if he had seen one. So don't disturb yourself, but be cool."

I made no answer, nor could I; but I returned and sat down in the corner where we had been sitting, and my son, at the same time, took his place beside me, laying his hand on mine: and I heard his heart beating, but he too said not a word.

It happened that none of the people belonging to the house were present at the uproar; but hearing the noise, the mistress and the gudeman came rushing ben. The soldier, who still stood calmly with his back to the door, nodded to them to come towards him, which they did, and he began to tell them something in a whisper. The landlord held up his hands and shook his head, and the mis-

tress cried, with tears in her eyes, "No wonder! no wonder!"

"Had ye no better gang out and see for Ecclesfield?" said the landlord, with a significant look to the soldier.

The young man cast his eyes down, and seemed thoughtful.

"I may be blamed," said he.

"Gang but the house, gude wife, and bring the gardivine," resumed the gudeman; and I saw him touch her on the arm, and she immediately went again into the room whence they had issued. "Come into the fire, Jack Windsor, and sit down," continued he, and the soldier, with some reluctance, quitted the door, and took his seat between me and it, where Ecclesfield had been sitting.

"Ye ken, Jack," he resumed when they were seated, "that unless there are two of you present, ye canna put any man to the test, so that every body who has not been tested is free to go wheresoever it pleasures himsel."

The dragoon looked compassionately towards me ; and the mistress coming in at the time with a case-bottle under her arm, and a green Dutch dram-glass in her hand, she filled it with brandy, and gave it to her husband.

“ Here’s to you, Jack Windsor,” said the landlord, as he put the glass to his lips, “ and I wish a’ the English in England were as orderly and good-hearted as yoursel, Jack Windsor.”

He then held the glass to the mistress, and she made it a lippy.

“ Hae, Jack,” said the landlord, “ I’m sure, after your hard travail the day, ye’ll no be the waur of a dram.”

“ Curse the liquor,” exclaimed the dragoon, “ I’m not to be bribed by a dram.”

“ Nay,” cried the landlord, “ Gude forbid that I should be a briber,” still holding the glass towards the soldier, who sat in a thoughtful posture, plainly swithering.

“ That fellow Ecclesfield,” said he, as it

were to himself, "the game's up with him in this world."

"And in the next too, Jack Windsor, if he does na repent," replied the landlord; and the dragoon put forth his hand, and taking the glass, drank off the brandy.

"It's a damned hard service this here in Scotland," said Windsor, holding the empty glass in his hand.

"'Deed is't Jack," said the landlord, "and it canna be a pleasant thing to a warm-hearted lad like you, Jack Windsor, to be ravaging poor country folk, only because they hae gotten a bee in their bonnets about prelacy."

"Damn prelacy, says I," exclaimed the dragoon.

"Whisht, whisht, Jack," said the landlord; "but when a man's sae scornfist as ye maun be the night after your skirring, a word o' vexation canna be a great fault. Gudewife, fill Jack's glass again. Ye'll be a' the better o't, Jack;" and he took the glass



from the dragoon's hand and held it to his wife, who again filled it to the flowing eye.

"I should think," said the dragoon, "that Ecclesfield cannot be far off. He ought not to have run away till we had tested the strangers."

"Ah! Jack Windsor," replied the landlord, holding out the glass to him, "that's easy for you, an honest lad wi' a clear conscience, to say, but think o' what Ecclesfield was art and part in. Ye may thank your stars, Jack, that ye hae ne'er been guilty o' the foul things that he's wyted wi'. Are your father and mother living, Jack Windsor?"

"I hope so," said the dragoon, "but the old man was a little so so when I last heard of 'em."

"Aye, Jack," replied the landlord, "auld folks are failing subjects. Ye hae some brothers and sisters nae doubt? They maun be weel-looked an they're ony thing like you, Jack."

"I have but one sister," replied the dra-

goon, "and there's not a gooder girl in England, nor a lady in it that has the bloom of Sally Windsor."

"Ye're braw folk, you Englishers, and ye're happy folk, whilk is far better," said the landlord, presenting the second glass, which Jack drank off at once, and returned to the mistress, signifying with his hand that he wanted no more; upon which she retired with the gardivine, while the landlord continued, "it's weel for you in the south yonder, Jack, that your prelates do not harass honest folk."

"We have no prelates in England, thank God," said the dragoon; "we wouldn't have em, our parsons are other sort o' things."

"I thought ye had an host o' bishops, Jack," said the landlord.

"True, and good fellows some on 'em are; but though prelates be bishops, bishops ain't prelates, which makes a difference."

"And a blessed difference it is; for how would ye like to hear of your father's house

being burnt and him in prison, and your bonny innocent sister?—Eh! is nae that Ecclesfield's foot clambering wi' his spurs at the door?"

The dragoon listened again, and looked thoughtful for a little time, and turned his eyes hastily towards the corner where we were sitting.

The landlord eyed him anxiously.

"Yes," cried the poor fellow, starting from his seat, and striking his closed right hand sharply into his left; "yes, I ought and I will;" adding calmly to the landlord, "~~con-~~found Ecclesfield, where the devil is he <sup>gone</sup>? I'll go see;" and he instantly went out.

The moment he had left the kitchen, the landlord rose and said to us, "Flee, flee, and quit this dangerous town!"

Whereupon we rose hastily, and my son lifting the Bible, which he had laid in the darkness of the corner, we instantan-ly left the house, and, notwithstanding the speed that was in our steps as we hurried up the street,

I had a glimpse of the compassionate soldier standing at the corner of the house when we ran by.

Thus, in a very extraordinary manner, was the dreadful wo that had befallen me and mine most wonderfully made a mean, through the conscience of Ecclesfield, to effectuate our escape.

## CHAP. XVIII.

ON leaving the public we went straight to the place where our blades and belts lay, and took them up, and proceeded in an easterly direction. But I soon found that I was no longer the man I had once been; suffering and the fever of my frenzy had impaired my strength, and the weight of four and fifty years was on my back: so that I began to weary for a place of rest for the night, and I looked often around to discover the star of any window; but all was dark, and the bleak easterly wind searched my very bones; even my son, whose sturdy health and youthful blood made him abler to thole the night-air, complained of the nipping cold.

Many a time yet, when I remember that night, do I think with wonder and reverence of

our condition. An infirm grey-haired man, with a deranged head and a broken heart, going forth amidst the winter's wind, with a little boy, not passing thirteen years of age, to pull down from his throne the guarded King of three mighty kingdoms,—and we did it,—such was the doom of avenging justice, and such the pleasure of Heaven. But let me proceed to rehearse the trials I was required to undergo before the accomplishment of that high predestination.

**W**earry, as I have said, very cold and disconsolate, we walked hirpling together for some time; at last we heard the rumbling of wheels before us, and my son running forward came back and told me it was a carrier. I hastened on, and with a great satisfaction found it was Robin Brown, the Ayr and Kilmarnock carrier. I had known him well for many years, and surely it was a providential thing that we met him in our distress, for he was the brother of a godly man, on

whose head, while his family were around him, Claverhouse, with his own bloody hands, placed the glorious diadem of martyrdom.

He had been told what had befallen me and mine, and was greatly amazed to hear my voice, and that I was again come to myself; and he helped both my son and me into the cart; and, as he walked by the wheel, he told me of many things which had happened during my eclipse, and of the dreadful executions at Edinburgh of the prisoners taken at Airmoss, and how that papist James Stuart, Duke of York, the King's brother, was placed at the head of the Seottish councils, and was then rising in the delights of cruelty, with the use of the torture and the thumbikins upon prisoners suspected, or accused of being heretics. But my mind was unsettled, and his calamity passed over it like the east wind that blew that night so freezingly, and

the sense at the time, but of which the morrow showed no memorial.

I said nothing to Robin Brown of what my intent was, but that I was on my way to join the Cameronians, if I knew where they might be found; and he informed me, that after the raid of Airmoss they had scattered themselves into the South country, where, as Claverhouse had the chief command, the number of their friends was likely to be daily increased, by the natural issue of his cruelty, and that vindictive exasperation, which was a passion and an affection of his mind for the disappointment he had met with at Drum-

"But," said the worthy man, "I hope, Ringan Gilhaize, ye'll yet consider the step before ye tak it. Ye're no at this time in a condition o' health to warsle wi' hardship, and ye're laddie, there's owre young to be o' ony business in the way o' war; for ye ken the Cameronians hae declar't war against the King,



and, being few and far apart, they're hunted down in a' places."

"If I canna fight wi' men," replied my brave stripling, "I can help my father; but I'm no fear't: David was but a herd laddie, maybe nae aulder nor bigger than me, when he fell't the muckle Philistine wi' a stane."

I made no answer myself to Robin Brown's remonstrance, because my resolution was girded as it were with a gir of brass and adamant, and, therefore, to reason more or farther concerning aught but of the means to achieve my purpose, was a thing I could not abide. Only I said to him, that being weary, and not in my wonted health, I would try to compose myself to sleep, and he would wake me when he thought fit, for that I would go with him to Glasgow, but shape our way towards the South country. So I stretched myself out, and my dear son laid himself at my back, and the worthy man happing us with his plaid, we soon fell asleep.

When the cart stopped at the Kingswell, where Robin was in the usage of halting half an hour, he awoke us; and there being no strangers in the house we alighted, and going in, warmed ourselves at the fire.

Out of a compassion for me the mistress warmed and spiced a pint of ale; but, instead of doing me any good, I had not long partaken of the same when I experienced a great coldness and a trembling in my limbs, in so much that I felt myself very ill, and prayed the kind woman to allow me to lie down in a bed; which she consented to do in a most charitable manner, causing her husband, who was a covenanted man, as I afterwards found, to be out of his, and give me their own.

The cold and the tremblings were but the symptoms and beginnings of a sore malady, which soon rose to such a head that Robin bore a taiglet more than two hours for me; but still I grew worse and worse, and could not be removed for many days. On the fifth

I was brought so nigh unto the gates of death that my son, who never left the bed-stock, thought at one time I had been released from my trouble. But I was reserved for the task that the Lord had in store for me, and from that time I began to recover; and nothing could exceed the tenderness wherewith I was treated by those Samaritan Christians, the landlord and his wife of the public at Kingswell. This distemper, however, left a great imbecility of body behind it; and I wondered whether it could be of providence to prevent me from going forward with my avenging purpose against Charles Stuart and his counselors.

Being one day in this frame of dubiety, lying in the bed, and my son sitting at my pillow, I said to him, "Get THE BOOK, and open and read;" which he accordingly did; and the first verse that he cast his eye upon was the twenty-fourth of the seventh chapter of Isaiah, "With arrows and with bows shall men come."

“Stop,” said I, “and go to the window and see who are coming;” but when he went thither and looked out he could see no one far nor near. Yet still I heard the tramp of many feet, and I said to him, “Assuredly, Joseph, there are many persons coming towards this house, and I think they are not men of war, for their steps are loose, and they march not in the order of battle.”

This I have thought was a wonderful sharpness of hearing with which I was for a season then gifted; for soon after a crowd of persons were discovered coming over the moor towards the house, and it proved to be Mr Cargill, with about some sixty of the Cameronians, who had been hunted from out their hiding-places in the south.

## CHAP. XIX.

It is surely a most strange matter, that whenever I come to think and to write of the events of that period, and of my sickness at Kingswell, my thoughts relapse into infirmity, and all which then passed move, as it were, before me in mist, disorderly and fantastical. But wherefore need I thus descant of my own estate, when so many things of the highest concernment are pressing upon my tablets for registration? Be it therefore enough that I mention here how much I was refreshed by the prayers of Mr Cargill, who was brought into my sick-chamber, where he wrestled with great efficacy for my recovery; and that after he had made an end, I felt so much strengthened, that I caused myself to be raised from my bed and placed in a chair at the open window, that I might see the men who had

been heartened from on high, by the sense of their sufferings, to proclaim war against the man-sworn King, our common foe.

They were scattered before the house, to the number of more than fifty, some sitting on stones, others stretched on the heather, and a few walking about by themselves, ruminating on mournful fancies. Their appearance was a thought wild and raised,—their beards had not been shaven for many a day,—their apparel was also much rent, and they had all endured great misfortunes in their families and substance. Their homes had been made desolate; some had seen their sons put to death, and not a few the ruin of their innocent daughters and the virtuous wives of their persons,—all by the fruit of laws and edicts which had issued from the councils of Charles Stuart, and were enforced by men drunken with the authority of his arbitrary will.

But though my spirit clove to theirs, and was in unison with their intent, I could not

but doubt of so poor a handful of forlorn men, though it be written, that the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong, and I called to my son to bring me the Book, that I might be instructed from the Word what I ought at that time to do ; and when he had done so I opened it, and the twenty-second chapter of Genesis met my eye, and I was awed and trembled, and my heart was melted with sadness and an agonising grief. For the command to Abraham to sacrifice Isaac his only son, whom he so loved, on the mountains in the land of Moriah, required of me to part with my son, and to send him with the Cameronians ; and I prayed with a weeping spirit and the imploring silence of a parent's heart, that the Lord would be pleased not to put my faith to so great a trial.

I took the Book again, and I opened it a second time, and the command of the sacred oracle was presented to me in the fifth verse of the fifth chapter of Ecclesiastes—

“ Better is it that thou shouldest not vow, than that thou shouldest vow and not pay.”

But still the man and the father were powerful with my soul ; and the weakness of disease was in me, and I called my son towards me, and I bowed my head upon his hands as he stood before me, and wept very bitterly, and pressed him to my bosom, and was loath to send him away.

He knew not what caused the struggle wherewith he saw me so moved, and he became touched with fear lest my reason was again going from me. But I dried my eyes, and told him it was not so, and that maybe I would be better if I could compose myself to read a chapter. So I again opened the volume, and the third command was in the twenty-sixth verse of the eighth chapter of St Matthew :

“ Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith ?”

But still notwithstanding my rebellious heart would not consent ;—and I cried,—“ I



am a poor infirm, desolate, and destitute man, and he is all that is left me. O that mine eyes were closed in death, and that this head, which sorrow, and care, and much misery have made untimely grey, were laid on its cold pillow, and the green curtain of the still kirk-yard were drawn around me in my last long sleep."

Then again the softness of a mother's tenderness came upon my heart, and I grasped the wondering stripling's hands in mine, and shook them, saying, "But it must be so, it is the Lord's will,—thrice has he commanded, and I dare not rebel thrice."

"What has he commanded, father," said the boy, "what is his will, for ye ken it must be done?"

"Read," said I, "the twenty-second chapter of Genesis."

"I ken't, father; it's about Abraham and wee Isaac; but though ye tak me into the land of Moriah, and up to the top of the hill, maybe a ram will be catched by the horns in

a whin-bush for the burnt-offering, and ye'll no hae ony need to kill me."

At that moment Mr Cargill came again into the room to bid me farewell; but seeing my son standing with the tear of simplicity in his eye, and me in ~~the~~ weakness of my infirm estate weeping upon his hands, he stopped and inquired what then had so moved us; whereupon I looked towards him and said—

"When I was taken with the malady that ~~has thus~~ changed the man in me to more than the gentleness of woman, ye ken, as I have already told you, we were bowne to seek your ~~folk~~ out and to fight on your side. But when I beheld your dejected and much-persecuted ~~host~~, a doubt came to me, that surely it could not be that the Lord intended through them to bring about the deliverance of the land; and under this doubt as to what I should now ~~do~~, and my limbs being moreover still in the fetters of sickness, I consulted the oracle of God."

“ And what has been the answer ?”

“ It has instructed me to send my son with you. But O, it is a terrible probation.”

“ You have done well, my friend,” replied the godly man, “ to seek advice from ~~THE~~ WORD ; but apply again, and maybe—maybe, Ringan, ye’ll no be put to so great a trial.”

To this I could only say, “ Alas ! sir, twice have I again consulted the oracle, and twice has the answer been an exhortation and a reproach that I should be so loth to obey.”

“ But what for, father,” interposed my son, “ need ye be sae fashed about it. I would ne’er refuse ;—I’m ready to gang, if ye were na sae weakly ;—and though the folk afore the house are but a wee waff-like, ye ken it is written in the Book, that the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong.”

Mr Cargill looked with admiration at the confidence of this young piety, and laying his hand on the boy’s head, said, “ I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel. The

Lord is in this, Ringan, put your trust in Him."

Whereupon I took my son's hand and I placed it in the martyr's hand, and I said, "Take him, lead him wheresoever ye will. I have sinned almost to disobedience, but the confidence has been renewed within me."

"Rejoice," said Mr Cargill, in words that were as the gift of health to my enfeebled spirit, "Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."

As he pronounced the latter clause I felt my thoughts flash with a wild remembrance of the desolation of my house; but he began to return thanks for the comfort that he himself enjoyed in his outcast condition, of beholding so many proofs of the unshaken constancy of faith still in the land, and prayed for me in words of such sweet eloquence, that even in the parting from my son,—my last,

whom I loved so well, they cherished me with a joy passing all understanding.

At the conclusion of his inspired thanksgiving, I kissed my Joseph on the forehead, and bidding him remember what his father's house had been, bade him farewell.

His young heart was too full to reply ; and Mr Cargill too was so deeply affected that he said nothing ; so, after shaking me by the hand, he led him away.

And if I did sin when they were departed, in the complaint of my childless desolation, for no less could I account it, it was a sin that surely will not be heavily laid against me. " O Absalom, my son, my son,—would I had died for thee," cried the warlike King David, when Absalom was slain in rebellion against him, and he had still many children but my innocent Absalom was all that I had left.

## CHAP. XX.

**DURING** the season that the malady continued upon me, through the unsuspected agency of Robin Brown, a paction was entered into with certain of my neighbours, to take the lands of Quharist on tack among them, and to pay me a secret stipend, by which, means were obtained to maintain me in a decency when I was able to be removed into Glasgow. And when my strength was so far restored that I could bear the journey, the same good man entered into a stipulation with Mrs Aird, the relict of a gospel minister, to receive me as a lodger, and he carried me in on his cart to her house at the foot of the Stockwell.

With that excellent person I continued several months unmolested, but without hearing any tidings of my son. Afflicting tales were

however of frequent occurrence, concerning the rigour wherewith the Cameronians were hunted ; so that what with anxiety, and the backwardness of nature to rally in ailments ayont fifty, I continued to languish, incapable of doing any thing in furtherance of the vow of vengeance that I had vowed. Nor should I suppress, that in my infirmity there was often a wildness about my thoughts, by which I was unfitted at times to hold communion with other men.

On these occasions I sat wondering if the things around me were not the substanceless imageries of a dream, and fancying that those terrible truths whereof I can yet only trust myself to hint, might be the fallacies of a diseased sleep. And I contested as it were with the reality of all that I saw, touched, and felt, and struggled like one oppressed with an incubus, that I might awake and find myself again at Quharist in the midst of my family.

At other times I felt all the loneliness of the

solitude into which my lot was then cast, and it was in vain that I tried to appease my craving affections with the thought, that in parting with my son I had given him to the Lord. I durst not say to myself there was aught of frenzy in that consecration; but when I heard of Cameronians shot on the hills or brought to the scaffold, I prayed that I might receive some token of an accepted offering in what I had done.

Sterner feelings too had their turns of predominance. I recalled the manifold calamities which withered my native land—the guilty provocations that the people had received—the merciless avarice and rapacious profligacy that had ruined so many worthies—the crimes that had scattered so many families—and the contempt with which all our wrongs and woes were regarded; and then I would remember my avenging vow, and supplicate for health

At last, one day Mrs Aird, who had been



out on some household cares, returned home in great distress of mind, telling me that the soldiers had got hold of Mr Cargill, and had brought him into the town.

This happened about the ninth or tenth of July, in the afternoon; and the day being very sultry, the heat had oppressed me with languor, and I was all day as one laden with sleep. But no sooner had Mrs Aird told me this, than I felt the languor depart from me, as if a cumbrous cloak had been taken away, and I rose up a recruited and re-animated man. It was so much the end of my debility of body and sorrowing of mind, that she was loquacious with her surprise when she saw me, as it were, with a miraculous restoration, prepare myself to go out in order to learn, if possible, some account of my son.

When, however, I went into the street, and saw a crowd gathered around the guard-house, my heart failed me a little, not for fear, but because the shouts of the multitude

were like the yells and derisions of insult ; and I thought they were poured upon the holy sufferer. It was not, however, so ; the gospel-taught people of Glasgow were, notwithstanding their prelatie thralldom, moved far otherwise, and their shouts and scoffings were against a townsman of their own, who had reviled the man of God on seeing him a prisoner among the soldiers in the guard-house.

Not then knowing this I halted, dubious if I should go forward ; and while standing in a swither at the corner of the Stockwell, a cart came up from the bridge, driven by a stripling. I saw that the cart and horse were Robin Brown's, and before I had time to look around, my son had me by the hand.

We said little, but rejoiced to see each other again. I observed, however, that his apparel was become old, and that his eyes were grown quick and eager like those of the hunted Cameronians whom I saw at Kingswell.

“ We hae ta’en Robin Brown’s cart frae him,” said he, “ that I might come wi’ un-jealoused into the town, to hear what’s to be done wi’ the minister ; but I maun tak it back the night, and maybe we’ll fa’ in the-gither again when I hae done my errand.”

With that he parted from me, and giving the horse a touch with his whip, drove it along towards the guard-house, whistling like a blithe country lad that had no care.

As soon as he had so left me, I went back to Mrs Aird, and providind myself with what money I had in the house, I went to a shop and bought certain articles of apparel, which having made up into a bundle, I requested, the better to disguise my intent, the merchant to carry it himself to Robin Brown the Ayr carrier’s cart, and give it to the lad who was with it, to take to Joseph Gilhaize,—a thing easy to be done, both the horse and cart being well known in those days to the chief merchants then in Glasgow.

When I had done this I went to the bridge, and, leaning over it, looked into the peaceful flowing tide, and there waited for nearly an hour before I saw my son returning; and when at last he came, I could perceive, as he was approaching, that he did not wish I should speak to him, while at the same time he edged towards me, and in passing, said as it were to himself, "The bundle's safe, and he's for Edinburgh;" by which I knew that the apparel I had bought for him was in his hands, and that he had learnt Mr Cargill was to be sent to Edinburgh.

This latter circumstance, however, opened to me a new light with respect to the Cameronians, and I guessed that they had friends in the town with whom they were in secret correspondence. But, alas! the espionage was not all on their part, as I very soon was taught to know by experience.

Though the interviews with Joseph, my son, passed, as I have herein narrated, they

had not escaped observance. For some time before, though I was seen but as I was, an invalid man, somewhat unsettled in his mind, there were persons who marvelled wherefore it was that I dwelt in such sequestration with Mrs Aird; and their marvelling set the example of the prelaty upon me. And it so fell out that some of those evil persons, who, for hire or malice, had made themselves the beagles of the persecutors, happened to notice the manner in which my son came up to me when he entered the city driving Robin Brown's cart, and they jealoused somewhat of the truth.

They followed him unsuspected, and saw in what manner he mingled with the crowd; and they traced him returning out of the town with seemingly no other cause for having come into it, than to receive the little store of apparel that I had provided for him. This was ground enough to justify any molestation against us, and accordingly the same night I was arrested, and carried next morning

ing to Edinburgh. The cruel officers would have forced me to walk with the soldiers, but every one who beheld my pale face and emaciated frame, cried out against it, and a cart was allowed to me.

On reaching Edinburgh I was placed in the tolbooth, where many other sufferers for the cause of the Gospel were then lying. It was a foul and an unwholesome den : many of the guiltless inmates were so wasted, that they were rather like frightful effigies of death than living men. Their skins were yellow, and their hands were roped and warpt with veins and sinews in a manner very awful to see. Their eyes were vivid with a strange distemperature, and there was a charnel-house anatomy in the melancholy with which they welcomed a new brother in affliction, that made me feel when I entered among them, as if I had come into the dark abode of spectres, and manes, and dismal shadows.

The prison was crowded over-much, and

though life was to many not worth the care of preservation, they yet esteemed it as the gift of their Maker, and as such considered it their duty to prolong for his sake. It was therefore a rule with them to stand in successive bands at the windows, in order that they might taste of the living air from without ; and knowing from dismal experience, that those who came in the last suffered at first more than those who were before, it was a charitable self-denial among them to allow to such a longer period of the window, their only solace.

Thus it was that on the morning of the third day after I had been immured in that doleful place, I was standing with several others behind a party of those who were in possession of the enjoyment, in order that we might take their places when the hour expired ; and while we were thus awaiting in patience the tedious elapse of the weary moments, a noise was heard in the streets as of the approach of a multitude.

There was something in the coming sound of that tumult unlike the noise of any other multitude;—ever and anon a feeble shouting, and then the roll of a drum; but the general sough was a murmur of horror followed by a rushing, as if the people were scared by some dreadful sight.

The noise grew louder and nearer, and hoarse bursts of aversion and anger, mingled with lamentations, were distinctly heard. Every one in the prison pressed to the window, wondering what hideous procession could occasion the expression of such contrarious feelings in the populace, and all eager to catch a glimpse of the dismal pageant, expecting that it was some devoted victim, who, according to the practice of the time, was treated as a sentenced criminal, even as he was conveyed to his trial.

“What do you see?” said I to one of the prisoners who clung to the bars of iron with which the window near where I stood



was grated, and who thereby saw farther down the street.

“ I can see but the crowd coming,” said he, “ and every one is looking as if he grew-ed at something not yet in sight.”

At that moment, and while he was speaking, there was a sudden silence in the street.

“ What has happened ?” said one of the sufferers near me : my heart beat so wildly that I would not myself inquire.

“ They have stopped,” was the answer ; “ but now they come. I see the magistrates. Their guard is before them,—the provost is first—they are coming two and two—and they look very sorrowful.”

“ Are there but the magistrates ?” said I, making an effort to press in closer to the window.

“ Aye, now it is at hand,” said the man, who was clinging to the grating of the window. “ The soldiers are marching on each side—I see the prisoners ;—their hands are

tied behind, ilk loaded wi' a goad of iron—they are bareheaded —ane —twa —three—four—five—they are five fatherly-looking men."

"They are Cameronians," said I, somewhat released, I know not wherefore, unless it was because he spoke of no youth being among them.

"Hush!" said he, "here is another—He is on horseback—I see the horse's head—Oh! the sufferer is an old grey-headed minister—his head is uncovered—he is placed with his face to the horse's tail—his hands are tied, and his feet are fastened with a rope beneath the horse's belly.—Hush! they are passing under the window."

At that moment a shriek of horror rose from all then looking out, and every one recoiled from the window. In the same instant a bloody head on a halbert was held up to us.—I looked—I saw the ghastly features, and I would have kissed those lifeless lips; for, O! they were my son's.

## CHAP. XXI.

I HAD laid that son, my only son, whom I so loved, on the altar of the Covenant, an offering unto the Lord; but still I did hope that maybe it would be according to the mercy of wisdom that He would provide a lamb in the bush for the sacrifice; and when the stripling had parted from me, I often felt as the mother feels when the milk of love is in her bosom, and her babe no longer there. I shall not, however, here relate how my soul was wounded at yon sight, nor ask the courteous reader to conceive with what agony I exclaimed, "Wherefore was it, Lord, that I was commanded to do that unfruitful thing!" for in that very moment the cry of my failing faith was rebuked, and the mystery of the required sacrifice was brought into wonder-

ful effect, manifesting that it was for no light purpose I had been so tried.

My fellow-sufferer, who hung by the bars of the prison-window, was, like the other witnesses, so shaken by the woful spectacle, that he suddenly jerked himself aside to avoid the sight, and by that action the weight of his body loosened the bar, so that when the pageantry of horrors had passed by, he felt it move in his grip, and he told us that surely Providence had an invisible hand in the bloody scene; for, by the loosening of that stancher, a mean was given whereby we might all escape. Accordingly it was agreed, that as soon as the night closed over the world, we should join our strengths together to bend the bar from its socket in the lintel.

And then it was I told them that what they had seen was the last relic of my martyred family; and we made ourselves wroth with the recital of our several wrongs; for all there had endured the scourge of the perse-

cutors ; and we took each other by the hand, and swore a dreadful oath, never to desist in our endeavours till we had wrenched the sceptre from the tyrannical grasp of the Stuarts, and broken it into pieces for ever ; and we burst into a wild strain of complaint and clamour, calling on the blood of our murdered friends to mount, with our cries, to the gates of Heaven ; and we sang, as it were with the voices of the angry waters and the winds, the hundred and ninth Psalm ; and at the end of every verse we joined our hands, crying, “ Upon Charles and James Stuart, and all their guilty line, O Lord, let it be done ; ” and a vast multitude gathered around the prison, and the lamentations of many without was a chorus in unison with the dismal song of our vengeance and despair.

At last the shadows of the twilight began to darken in the town, and the lights of the windows were to us as the courses of the stars of that sky which, from our prison-chamber,

could not be seen. We watched their progress, from the earliest yellow glimmering of the lamp in the darksome wynd, till the last little twinkling light in the dwelling of the widow that sits and sighs companionless with her distaff in the summits of the city. And we continued our vigil till they were all one by one extinguished, save only the candles at the bedsides of the dying. Then we twined a portion of our clothes into a rope, and, having fastened it to the iron bar, soon drew it from its place in the stone; but just as we were preparing to take it in, by some accident it fell into the street.

The panic which this caused prevented us from attempting any thing more at that time; for a sentinel walked his rounds on the outside of the tolbooth, and we could not but think he must have heard the noise. A sullen despair in consequence entered into many of our hearts, and we continued for the remainder of the night silent.

But though others were then shaken in their faith, mine was now confident. I saw, by what had happened in the moment of my remonstrance, that there was some great deliverance in reservation ; so I sat apart by myself, and I spent the night in inward thanksgiving for what had been already done. Nor was this confidence long without its reward.

In the morning a brother of one of my fellow-sufferers coming to condole with him, it being generally reported that we were all doomed to die, he happened to see the bar lying on the street, and, taking it up, hid it till he had gone into a shop and provided himself with a cord. He then hastened to us, gave us the cord, and making what speed he could, brought the iron in his plaid ; and, we having lowered the string from the window, he fastened the bar to it, and we drew it up undiscovered, and reset it in its place, by which the defect could not be seen by any one, not even from the street.

That morning, by the providence which was visible in this, became, in our prison, a season indeed of light and gratulation ; and the day passed with us as a Sabbath to our spirits. The anvils of Fear were hushed, and the shuttles in the looms of Anxiety were at rest, while Hope again walked abroad in those sunny fields where, amidst vernal blossoms and shining dews, she expatiates on the delights of the flowing cluster and the ripened fruit.

The young man, who had been so guided to find the bar of iron, concerted with another friend of his to be in readiness at night on a signal from us, to master the sentinel. And at the time appointed they did so ; and it happened that the soldier was the same humane Englisher, Jack Windsor, who had allowed me to escape at Kilmarnock, and he not only remained silent, but even when relieved from his post, said nothing ; so that, to the number of more than twenty, we lowered ourselves into the street and escaped.



But the city gates at that hour being shut, there was no egress from the town, and many of us knew not where to hide ourselves till the morning. Such was my condition ; and wandering up and down for some time, at last I turned into the Blackfriars-wynd, where I saw a light in a window : on looking around I beheld, by that light, engraven on the lintel of an opposite door, “ IN THE LORD IS MY HOPE.”

Heartened by the singular providence was so manifest in that cheering text, I went to the door and knocked, and a maiden answered to the knocking.

I told her what I was, and whence I had come, and entreated her to have compassion, and shelter me for the night.

“ Alas !” said she, “ what can hae sent you here, for this is a bishop’s house ?”

I was astounded to hear that I had been so led into the lion’s den ; but I saw pity in the countenance of the damsel, and I told

her that I was the father of the poor youth whose head had been carried by the executioner through the town the day before, and that I could not but believe Providence had sent me thither; for surely no one would ever think of searching for me in a bishop's house.

Greatly moved by what I said, she bade me softly follow her, and she led me to a solitary and ruinous chamber. She then retired, but presently returned with some refreshment, which having placed on an old chest, she bade God be with me, and went away.

With a spirit of inexpressible admiration and thanksgiving I partook of that repast, and then laying myself down on the bare floor, was blessed with the enjoyment of a downy sleep.

## CHAP. XXII.

I SLEPT in that ruinous room in the Bishop's house till far in the morning, when, on going to the window with the intent of dropping myself into the wynd, I saw that it was ordained and required of me to remain where I then was; for the inmates of the houses forenent were all astir at their respective vocations; and at the foot of the wynd, looking straight up, was a change-house, into which there was, even at that early hour, a great resorting of bein elderly citizens for their dram and snap. Moreover, at the head of the wynd, an aged carlin, with a distaff in her arms and a whorl in her hand, sat on a doorstep tending a stand of apples and comfits; so that, to a surety, had I made any attempt to escape by the window, I must have been

seen by some one, and laid hold of. I therefore retired back into the obscurity of the chamber, and sat down again on the old kist-lid, to abide the issues that were in reservation for me. I had not, however, been long there, till I heard the voices of persons entering into the next chamber behind where I was sitting, and I soon discerned by their courtesies of speech, that they were Lords of the Privy Council, who had come to walk with the Bishop to the palace, where a council was summoned in sudden haste that morning. The matter whereof they discoursed was not at first easily made out, for they were conversing on it when they entered : but I very soon gathered that it boded no good to the covenanted cause nor to the liberties of Scotland.

“What you remark, Aberdeen,” said one, “is very just ; man and wife are the same person ; and although Queensberry has observed, that the revenue requires the penal-

ties, and that husbands ought to pay for their wives, I look not on the question in that light ; for it is not right, in my opinion, that the revenues of the crown should be in any degree dependent on fines and forfeitures. But the presbyterians are a sect whose main principle is rebellion, and it would be happy for the kingdom were the whole race rooted out ; indeed I am quite of the Duke of York's opinion, that there will be little peace among us till the Lowlands are made a hunting-field, and therefore am I as earnest as Queensberry that the fines should be enforced."

"Certainly, my Lord Perth," replied Aberdeen, "it is not to be denied, that, what with their Covenants, and Solemn Leagues, and Gospel pretensions, the presbyterians are dangerous and bad subjects ; and though I shall not go so far as to say, with the Duke, that the Lowlands should be laid waste, I doubt if there be a loyal subject west the castle of Edinburgh. Still the office which

I have the honour to hold does not allow me to put any interpretation on the law different from the terms in which the sense is conceived."

"Then," said Perth, "if there is any doubt about the terms, the law must be altered; for, unless we can effectually crush the presbyterians, the Duke will assuredly have a rough accession. And it is better to strangle the lion in his nonage than to encounter him in his full growth."

"I fear, my Lord," replied the Earl of Aberdeen, "that the presbyterians are stronger already than we are willing to let ourselves believe. The attempt to make them accept the episcopalian establishment has now been made, without intermission, for more than twenty years, and they are even less submissive than they were at the beginning."

"Yes, I confess," said Lord Perth, "that they are most unreasonably stubborn. It is truly melancholy to see what fools many sen-

sible men make of themselves about the forms of worship, especially about those of a religion so ungentlemanly as the presbyterian, which has no respect for the degrees of rank, neither out nor in the church."

"I'm afraid, Perth," replied Aberdeen laughing, "that what you say is applicable both to the King and his brother; for, between ourselves, I do not think there are two persons in the realm who attach so much importance to forms as they do."

"Not the King, my Lord, not the King!" cried Perth; "Charles is too much a man of the world to trouble himself about any such trifles."

"They are surely not trifles, for they overturned his father's throne, and are shaking his own," replied Aberdeen emphatically. "Pray, have you heard any thing of Argyle lately?"

"O yes," exclaimed Perth merrily; "a capital story. He has got in with a rich burgomaster's frow at Amsterdam; and she

has guilders enew to indemnify him for the loss of half the Highlands."

"Aye," replied Aberdeen, "I do not like that; for there has been of late a flocking of the presbyterian malcontents to Holland, and the Prince of Orange gives them a better reception than an honest man should do, standing as he does, both with respect to the crown and the Duke. This, take my word for it, Perth, is not a thing to be laughed at."

"All that, Aberdeen, only shows the necessity of exterminating these cursed presbyterians. We shall have no peace in Scotland till they are swept clean away. It is not to be endured that a King shall not rule his own kingdom as he pleases. How would Argyle, and there was no man prouder in his jurisdictions, have liked had his tenants covenanted against him as the presbyterians have so insultingly done against his Majesty's government? Let every man bring the question home to his own business and bosom,



and the answer will be a short one, *Down with the presbyterians !*"

While they were thus speaking, and I need not advert to what passed in my breast as I overheard them, Patterson the Bishop of Edinburgh came in, and with many interjections, mingled with wishes for a calm procedure, he told the Lords of our scrape. He was indeed, to do him justice, a man of some repute for plausibility, and take him all in all for a prelate, he was, in truth, not void of the charities of human nature, compared with others of his sect.

"Your news," said the Lord Perth to him, "does not surprise me. The societies, as the Cameronians are called, have inserted their roots and feelers every where. Rely upon't, Bishop Patterson, that, unless we chop off the whole connexions of the conspiracy, you can hope neither for homage nor reverence in your appointments."

"I could wish," replied the Bishop, "that

some experiment were made of a gentler course than has hitherto been tried. It is now a long time since force was first employed: perhaps, were his Royal Highness to slacken the severities, conformity would lose some of its terrors in the eyes of the misguided presbyterians; at all events, a more lenient policy could do no harm; and if it did no good, it would at least be free from those imputed cruelties, which are supposed to justify the long-continued resistance that has brought the royal authority into such difficulties."

At this juncture of their conversation a gentleman announced, that his master was ready to proceed with them to the palace, and they forthwith retired. Thus did I obtain a glimpse of the inner mind of the Privy Council, by which I clearly saw, that what with those members who satisfied their consciences as to iniquity, because it was made seemingly lawful by human statutes,

and what with those who, like Lord Perth, considered the kingdom the King's estate, and the people his tenantry, not the subjects of laws by which he was bound as much as they ; together with those others who, like the Bishop, considered 'mercy and justice as expedients of state policy, that there was no hope for the peace and religious liberties of the presbyterians, merely by resistance ; and I, from that time, began to think it was only through the instrumentality of the Prince of Orange, then heir-presumptive to the crown, failing James Stuart, Duke of York, that my vow could be effectually brought to pass.

## CHAP. XXIII.

As soon as those of the Privy Council had, with their attendants, left the house, and proceeded to join the Duke of York in the palace, the charitable damsel came to me, and conveyed me, undiscovered, through the hall and into the Cowgate, where she had provided a man, a friend of her own, one Charles Brownlee, who had been himself in the hands of the Philistines, to conduct me out of the town; and by him I was guided in safety through the Cowgate, and put into a house just without the same, where his mother resided.

“Here,” said he, “it will be as well for you to bide out the daylight, and being now forth the town-wall, ye’ll can gang whare ye like unquestioned in the gloaming.” And so saying he went away, leaving me with his

mother, an ancient matron, with something of the remnant of ladyness about her, yet was she not altogether an entire gentlewoman, though at the first glimpse she had the look of one of the very highest degree.

Notwithstanding, however, that apparition of finery which was about her, she was in truth and in heart a sincere woman, and had, in the better days of her younger years, been, as she rehearsed to me, gentlewoman to the Countess of Argyle's mother, and was on a footing of cordiality with divers ladies of the bedchamber of what she called the three nobilities, meaning those of Scotland, England, and Ireland; so that I saw there might by her be opened a mean of espial into the camp of the adversaries. So I told her of my long severe malady, and the shock I had suffered by what I had seen of my martyred son, and entreated that she would allow me to abide with her until my spirits were more composed.

Mrs Brownlee having the compassion of a

Christian, and the tenderness of her gentle sex, was moved by my story, and very readily consented. Instead therefore of going forth at random in the evening, as I was at one time minded, I remained in her house ; where indeed could I at that time flee in the hope of finding any place of refuge ? But although this was adopted on the considerations of human reason, it was nevertheless a link in the chain of providential methods by which I was to achieve the fulfilment of my vow.

The house of Mrs Brownlee being, as I have intimated, nigh to the gate of the city, I saw from the window all that went into and came out therefrom ; and the same afternoon I had visible evidence of the temper wherewith the Duke of York and his counsellors had been actuated that day at Holyrood, in consequence of the manner in which we had been delivered from prison ;—for Jack Windsor, the poor sentinel who was on guard when we escaped by the window, was brought

out, supported by two of his companions, his feet having been so crushed in the torturous boots before the Council, during his examination anent us, that he could scarcely mark them to the ground; his hands were also bound in cloths, through which the blood was still oozing, from the pressure of those dreadful thumbikins of iron that were so often used in those days to screw accusations out of honest men. A sympathizing crowd followed the destroyed sufferer, and the sight for a little while afflicted me with sore regret. But when I considered the compassion that the people showed for him, I was filled with a strange satisfaction, deducing therefrom encouraging persuasions, that every new sin of the persecutors removed a prop from their own power, making its overthrow more and more inevitable.

While I was peering from the window in these reflections, I saw Quintin Fullarton, the grandson of John Fullarton of Dykedivots,

in the street, and knowing that from the time of Bothwell-brigg he had been joined with that zealous and martyred youth, Richard Cameron, and was, as Robin Brown told me, among other acquaintances at Airmoss, I entreated Mrs Brownlee to go after him and bid him come to me,—which he readily did, and we had a mournful communing for some time.

He told me the particulars of my gallant Joseph's death, and that it was by the command of Claverhouse himself that the brave stripling's head was cut off and sent in ignominy to Edinburgh; where, by order of the Privy Council, it was placed on the Netherbow.

"What I hae suffered from that man," said I, "Heaven may pardon, but I can neither forget nor forgive."

"The judgment time's coming," replied Quintin Fullarton; "and your part in it, Ringan Gilhaize, assuredly will not be for-



gotten, for in the heavens there is a Doer of justice and an Avenger of wrongs."

And then he proceeded to tell me, that on the following afternoon there was to be a meeting of the heads of the Cameronian societies, with Mr Renwick, in a dell of the Esk, about half a mile above Laswade, to consult what ought to be done, the pursuit and persecution being so hot against them, that life was become a burden, and their minds desperate.

"We hae many friens," said he, "in Edinburgh, and I am intrusted to warn them to the meeting, which is the end of my coming to the town; and maybe, Ringan Gilhaize, ye'll no objek yoursel to be there?"

"I will be there, Quintin Fullarton," said I; "and in the strength of the Lord I will come armed, with a weapon of more might than the sword, and more terrible than the ball that flieth unseen."

"What mean you, Ringan?" said he, com-

passionately; for he knew of my infirmity, and thought that I was still fevered in the mind. But I told him, that, for some time, feeling myself unable for warlike enterprises, I had meditated on a way to perplex our guilty adversaries, the which was to menace them with retaliation, for resistance alone was no longer enough.

“We have disowned Charles Stuart as our king,” said I, “and we must wage war accordingly. But go your ways, and execute your purposes; and by the time you return this way, I shall have a paper ready, the sending forth of which will strike terror into the brazen hearts of our foes.”

I perceived that he was still dubious of me; but nevertheless he promised to call as he came back; and having gone away, I set myself down and drew up that declaration, wherein, after again calmly disowning the royal authority of Charles Stuart, we admonished our sanguinary persecutors, that, for

self-preservation, we would retaliate according to our power, and the degree of guilt on such privy counsellors, lords of justiciary, officers, and soldiers, their abettors and informers, whose hands should continue to be imbrued in our blood. And on the return of Quintin Fullarton, I gave the paper to him, that it might be seen and considered by Mr Renwick and others, previous to offering it to the consideration of the meeting.

He read it over very sedately, and folded it up, and put it in the crown of his bonnet without saying a word; but several times, while he was reading, he cast his eyes towards me; and when he rose to go away, he said,—  
“ Ringan Gilhaize, you have endured much, but verily if this thing can be brought to pass, your own and all our sufferings will soon be richly revenged.

“ Not revenged,” said I; “ revenge, Quintin Fullarton, becomes not Christian men; but we shall be the executioners of the just

judgments of Him whose ministers are flaming fires, and pestilence, and war, and storms, and perjured kings.”

With these words we parted ; and next morning, by break of day, I rose, after the enjoyment of a solacing sleep, such as I had not known for many days, and searched my way across the fields toward Laswade. I did not, however, enter the clachan, but lingered among the woods till the afternoon, when, descending towards the river, I walked leisurely up the banks, where I soon fell in with others of the associated friends.

## CHAP. XXIV

THE place where we met was a deep glen, the scroggy sides whereof were as if rocks, and trees and brambles, with here and there a yellow primrose and a blue hyacinth between, had been thrown by some wild architect into many a difficult and fantastical form. Over a ledge of rock fell the bright waters of the Esk, and in the clear linn the trouts shuttled from stone and crevice, dreaming the persecutions of the angler, who, in the luxury of his pastime, heedeth not what they may in their cool element suffer.

It was then the skirt of the afternoon, about the time when the sweet breathing of flowers and boughs first begins to freshen to the gentle senses, and the shadows deepen in the cliffs of the rocks, and darken among the

bushes. The yellow sunbeams were still bright on the flickering leaves of a few trees, which here and there raised their tufty heads above the glen; but in the hollow of the chasm the evening had commenced, and the solemnity of the fragrant twilight was coming on.

As we assembled one by one, we said little to each other. Some indeed said nothing, nor even shook hands, but went and seated themselves on the rocks, round which the limpid waters were swirling with a soft and pleasant din, as if they solicited tranquillity. For myself, I had come with the sternest intents, and I neither noticed nor spoke to any one; but going to the brink of the linn, I sat myself down in a gloomy nook, and was sullen, that the scene was not better troubled into unison with the resentful mood of my spirit.

At last Mr Renwick came, and when he had descended into the dell, where we were gathered together, after speaking a few words of courtesy to certain of his acquaintance, he

went to a place on the shelvy side of the glen, and took his station between two birch trees.

“ I will be short with you, friends,” said he ; “ for here we are too nigh unto the adversaries to hazard ourselves in any long debate ; and therefore I will tell you, as a man speaking the honesty that is within him, I neither can nor do approve of the paper that I understand some among you desire we should send forth. I have, however, according to what was exhibited to me in private, brought here a proclamation, such as those who are most vehement among us wish to propound ; but I still leave it with yourselves to determine whether or not it should be adopted—entering, and I here do, my caveat as an individual against it. This paper will cut off all hope of reconciliation—we have already disowned King Charles, it is true ; but this implies, that we are also resolved to avenge, even unto blood and death,

whatsoever injury we may in our own persons and friends be subjected to suffer. It pledges us to a war of revenge and extermination ; and we have to consider, before we wage the same, the strength of our adversary—the craft of his counsellors—and the malice with which their fears and their hatred will inspire them. For my own part, fellow-sufferers, I do doubt if there be any warrant in the Scriptures for such a defiance as this paper contains, and I would fain entreat you to reflect, whether it be not better to keep the door of reconciliation open, than to shut it for ever, as the promulgation of this retaliatory edict will assuredly do.”

The earnest manner in which Mr Renwick thus delivered himself had a powerful effect, and many thought as he did, and several rose and said that it was not Christian to bar the door on peace, and to shut out even the chance of contrition on the part of the King and his ministers.



I heard what they said—I listened to what they argued—and I allowed them to tell that they were willing to agree to more moderate councils ; but I could abide no more.

“ Moderation !—You, Mr Renwick,” said I, “ counsel moderation—you recommend the door of peace to be still kept open—you doubt if the Scriptures warrant us to undertake revenge ; and you hope that our forbearance may work to repentance among our enemies. Mr Renwick, you have hitherto been a preacher, not a sufferer ; with you the resistance to Charles Stuart’s government has been a thing of doctrine—of no more than doctrine, Mr Renwick—with us it is a consideration of facts. Judge ye therefore between yourself and us,—I say between yourself and us ; for I ask no other judge to decide, whether we are not, by all the laws of God and man, justified in avowing, that we mean to do as we are done by.

“ And, Mr Renwick, you will call to mind,

that in this sore controversy, the cause of debate came not from us. We were peaceable Christians, enjoying the shade of the vine and fig-tree of the Gospel, planted by the care and cherished by the blood of our forefathers, protected by the laws, and gladdened in our protection by the oaths and the covenants which the King had sworn to maintain. The presbyterian freedom of worship was our property,—we were in possession and enjoyment, no man could call our right to it in question,—the King had vowed, as a condition before he was allowed to receive the crown, that he would preserve it. Yet, for more than twenty years, there has been a most cruel, fraudulent, and outrageous endeavour instituted, and carried on, to deprive us of that freedom and birthright. We were asking no new thing from Government, we were taking no step to disturb Government, we were in peace with all men, when Government, with the principles of a robber and the cruelty of a tyrant, de-

manded of us to surrender those immunities of conscience which our fathers had earned and defended ; to deny the Gospel as it is written in the Evangelists, and to accept the commentary of Charles Stuart, a man who has had no respect to the most solemn oaths, and of James Sharp, the apostate of St Andrews, whose crimes provoked a deed, that but for their crimson hue, no man could have doubted to call a most foul murder. The King and his crew, Mr Renwick, are, to the indubitable judgment of all just men, the causers and the aggressors in the existing difference between his subjects and him. In so far, therefore, if blame there be, it lieth not with us nor in our cause.

“ But, sir, not content with attempting to wrest from us our inherited freedom of religious worship, Charles Stuart and his abettors have pursued the courageous constancy with which we have defended the same, with more animosity than they ever did any crime. I

·speak not to you, Mr Renwick, of your own outcast condition,—perhaps you delight in the perils of martyrdom; I speak not to those around us, who, in their persons, their substance, and their families, have endured the torture, poverty, and irremediable dishonour,—they may be meek and hallowed men, willing to endure. But I call to mind what I am and was myself. I think of my quiet home,—it is all ashes. I remember my brave first-born,—he was slain at Bothwell-brigg. Why need I speak of my honest brother; the waves of the ocean, commissioned by our persecutors, have triumphed over him in the cold seas of the Orkneys; and as for my wife, what was she to you? Ye cannot be greatly disturbed that she is in her grave. No, ye are quiet, calm, and prudent persons; it would be a most indiscret thing of you, you who have suffered no wrong yourselves, to stir on her account; and then how unreasonable I should be, were I to speak of two fair and immo-

cent maidens.—It is weak of me to weep, though they were my daughters. O men and Christians, brothers, fathers! but ye are content to bear with such wrongs, and I alone of all here may go to the gates of the cities, and try to discover which of the martyred heads mouldering there belongs to a son or a friend. Nor is it of any account whether the bones of those who were so dear to us, be exposed with the remains of malefactors, or laid in the sacred grave. To the dead all places are alike; and to the slave what signifies who is master. Let us therefore forget the past,—let us keep open the door of reconciliation,—smother all the wrongs we have endured, and kiss the proud foot of the trampler. We have our lives; we have been spared; the merciless bloodhounds have not yet reached us. Let us therefore be humble and thankful, and cry to Charles Stuart, O King, live for ever!—for he has but cast us into a fiery furnace and a lion's den.

“ In truth, friends, Mr Renwick is quite right. This feeling of indignation against our oppressors is a most imprudent thing. If we desire to enjoy our own contempt, and to deserve the derision of men, and to merit the abhorrence of Heaven, let us yield ourselves to all that Charles Stuart and his sect require. We can do nothing better, nothing so meritorious, nothing by which we can so reasonably hope for punishment here and condemnation hereafter. But if there is one man at this meeting,—I am speaking not of shapes and forms, but of feelings,—if there is one here that feels as men were wont to feel, he will draw his sword, and say with me, Wo to the house of Stuart ! Wo to the oppressors ! Blood for blood ! Judge, and avenge our cause, O Lord ! ”

## CHAP. XXV.

THE meeting, with one accord, agreed that the declaration should go forth ; and certain of those who were ready writers, being provided with implements, retired apart to make copies, while Mr Renwick, with the remainder, joined together in prayer.

By the time he had made an end, the task of the writers was finished, and then lots were cast to see whom the Lord would appoint to affix the declaration on the trones and kirk doors of the towns where the rage of the persecutors burnt the fiercest, and He being pleased to choose me for one to do the duty at Edinburgh, I returned in the gloaming back to the house of Mrs Brownlee, to abide the convenient season which I knew in the fit time would be prepared. Nor was it long till

the same was brought to pass, as I shall now briefly proceed to set down.

Heron Brownlee, who, as I have narrated, brought me to his mother's house, was by trade a tailor, and kept his cloth-shop in the Canongate, some six doors lower down than St. Mary's Wynd, just after passing the fleshers' stocks below the Netherbow; for in those days, when the court was at Holyrood, that part of the town was a place of great resort to the gallants, and all such as affected a courtly carriage. And it happened that, on the morning after the meeting, a proclamation was sent forth, describing the persons and clothing of the prisoners who had escaped from the tolbooth with me, threatening grievous penalties to all who dared to harbour them. This Heron Brownlee seeing affixed on the cheek of the Netherbow, came and told me; whereupon, after conferring with him, it was agreed that he should provide for me a suit of town-like clothes, and at



the second-hand, that they might not cause observance by any novelty. This was in another respect needful; for my health being in a frail state, I stood in want of the wholesome cordial of fresh air, whereof I could not venture to taste but in the dusk of the evening.

He accordingly provided the apparel, and when clothed therewith, I made bold to go out in the broad daylight, and even ventured to mingle with the multitude in the garden of the palace, who went daily there in the afternoon to see the nobles and ladies of the court walking with their pageantries, while the Duke's musicants solaced them with melodious airs and the delights of sonorous harmony. And it happened on the third time I went thither, that a cry rose of the Duke coming from the garden to the palace, and all the onlookers pressed to see him.

As he advanced, I saw several persons presenting petitions into his hands, which he

gave, without then looking at, to the Lord Perth, whom I knew again by his voice ; and I was directed, as by a thought of inspiration, to present, in like manner, a copy of our declaration, which I always carried about with me ; so placing myself among a crowd of petitioners, onlookers, and servants, that formed an avenue across the road leading from the Canongate to the Abbey kirk-yard, and between the garden yett and the yett that opened into the front court of the palace. As the Duke returned out of the garden, I gave him the paper ; but instead of handing it to the Lord Perth, as I had hoped he would do, he held it in his own hand, by which I perceived that if he had noticed by whom it was presented, and looked at it before he went into the palace, I would speedily be seized on the spot, unless I could accomplish my escape.

But how to effect that was no easy thing ; for the multitude around was very great, and

but three narrow yetts allow<sup>d</sup> of egress from the enclosure—one leading i<sup>n</sup> to the garden—one to the palace—and the other into the Canongate. I therefore calmly put my trust in Him who alone could save me, and remained, as it were, an indifferent spectator, following the Duke with an anxious eye.

Having passed from the garden into the court, the multitude followed him with great eagerness, and I also went in with them, and walked very deliberately across the front of the palace to the south-east corner, where there was a postern door that opened into the road leading to the King's park from the Cowgate-port, along the outside of the town wall. I then mended my pace, but not to any remarkable degree, and so returned to the house of Mrs Brownlee.

Scarcely was I well in, when Heron, her son, came flying to her with a report that a man was seized in the palace garden who had threatened the Duke's life, and he was fear-

ful lest it had **h**en me; and I was much **g**rieved by these tidings, in case any honest man should be put to the torture on my account; but the Lord had mercifully ordained it otherwise.

In the course of the night, Heron Brownlee, after closing his shop, came again and **t**old me that no one had been taken, but that some person in the multitude had given the **D**uke a dreadful paper, which had caused great consternation and panic; and that a council was sitting at that late hour with the **D**uke, expresses having arrived with accounts of the same paper having been seen on the doors of many churches both in Nithsdale and the shire of Ayr. The alarm indeed raged to such a degree among all those who knew in their consciences how they merited the doom we had pronounced, that it was said the very looks of many were withered as with a pestilent vapour.

Yet, though terrified at the vengeance de-

clared against their guilt, neither the Duke nor the Privy Council were to be deterred from their malignant work. The curse of infatuation was upon them, and instead of changing the rule which had caused the desperation that they dreaded, they heated the furnace of persecution seven-fold; and voted, That who-soever owned or refused to disown the declaration, should be put to death in the presence of two witnesses, though unarmed when taken; and the soldiers were not only ordered to enforce the test, but were instructed to put such as adhered to the declaration at once to the sword, and to slay those who refused to disown it; and women were ordered to be drowned. But my pen sickens with the recital of horrors, and I shall pass by the dreadful things that ensued, with only remarking, that these bloody instructions consummated the doom of the Stuarts; for scarcely were they well published, when the Duke hastened to London, and soon after

his mansworn brother Charles, the great author of all our woes, was cut off by poison, as it was most currently believed, and the Duke proclaimed King in his stead. What change we obtained by the calamity of his accession will not require many sentences to unfold.

## CHAP. XXVI.

As soon as it was known abroad that Charles the Second was dead, the Covenanters, who had taken refuge in Holland from the Persecution, assembled to consult what ought then to be done. For the papist, James Stuart, on the death of his brother, had caused himself to be proclaimed King of Scotland, without taking those oaths by which alone he could be entitled to assume the Scottish crown.

At the head of this congregation was the Earl of Argyle, who, some years before, had incurred the aversion of the tyrant to such a degree, that, by certain of those fit tools for any crime, then in dismal abundance about the court of Holyrood, he had procured his condemnation as a traitor, and would have brought him to the scaffold, had the Earl not

Fortunately effected his escape. And it was resolved by that congregation, that the principal personages then present should form themselves into a Council, to concert the requisite measures for the deliverance of their native land; the immediate issue of which was, that a descent should be made by Argyle among his vassals, in order to draw together a sufficient host to enable them to wage war against the Usurper, for so they lawfully and rightly denominated James Stuart.

The first hint that I gleaned of this design was through the means of Mrs Brownlee. She was invited one afternoon by the gentlewoman of the Lady Sophia Lindsay, the Earl's daughter-in-law, to view certain articles of female bravery which had been sent from Holland by his Lordship to her mistress; and, as her custom was, she, on her return home, descanted at large of all that she had seen and heard.

The receipt, at that juncture, of such gear



from the Earl of Argyll, by such a Judith of courage and wisdom as the Lady Sophia Lindsay, seemed to me very remarkable, and I could not but jealousy that there was something about it like the occultation of a graver correspondence. I therefore began to question Mrs Brownlee how the paraphernalia had come, and what the Earl, according to the last accounts, was doing; which enabled her to expatiate on many things, though vague and desultory, that were yet in concordance with what I had overheard the Lord Perth say to the Earl of Aberdeen in the Bishop's house: in the end, I gathered that the presents were brought over by the skipper of a sloop, one Roderick Macfarlane, whom I forthwith determined to see, in order to pick from him what intelligence I could, without being at the time well aware in what manner the same would prove useful. I felt myself, however, stirred from within to do so; and I had hitherto, in all that concerned my

swearing vow, obeyed every instinctive impulse.

Accordingly, next morning, I went early to the shore of Leith, and soon found the vessel and Roderick Macfarlane, to whom I addressed myself, inquiring, as if I intended to go thither, when he was likely to depart for Amsterdam.

While I was speaking to him, I observed something in his mien above his condition ; and that his hands were fair and delicate, unlike those of men inured to maritime labour. He perceived that I was particular in my inspection, and his countenance became troubled, and he looked as if he wist not what to do.

“ Fear no ill,” said I to him ; “ I am one in the jaws of jeopardy ; in sooth, I have no intent to pass into Holland, but only to learn whether there be any hope that the Earl of Argyle and those with him will try to help their covenanted brethren at home.”

On hearing me speak so openly the coun-

tenance of the man brightened, and after eyeing me with a sharp scrutiny, he invited me to come down into the body of the bark, where we had some frank communion, his confidence being won by the plain tale of who I was and what I had endured. The Lord indeed was pleased, throughout that period of fears and tribulation, marvellously to endow the persecuted with a singular and sympathetic instinct, whereby they were enabled at once to discern their friends; for the dangers and difficulties, to which we were subject in our intercourse, afforded no time for those testimonies and experiences that in ordinary occasions are required to open the hearts of men to one another.

After some general discourse, Roderick Macfarlane told me, that his vessel, though seemingly only for traffic, had been hired by a certain Madam Smith in Amsterdam, and was manned by Highlanders of a degree above the common, for the purpose of open-

ing a correspondence between Argyle and his friends in Scotland. Whereupon I proffered myself to assist in establishing a communication with the heads and leaders of the Covenanters in the West Country, and particularly with Mr Renwick and his associates, the Cameronians, who, though grievously scattered and hunted, were yet able to do great things in the way of conveying letters, or of intercepting the emissaries and agents of the Privy Council that might be employed to contravene the Earl's projects.

Thus it was that I came to be concerned in Argyle's unfortunate expedition—if that can be called unfortunate, which, though in itself a failure, yet ministered to make the scattered children of the Covenant again cooperate for the achievement of their common freedom. Doubtless the expedition was undertaken before the persecuted were sufficiently ripened to be of any effective service. The Earl counted overmuch on the spirit which the

Persecution had raised; he thought that the weight of the tyranny had compressed us all into one body. But, alas! it had been so great, that it had not only bruised, but broken us asunder into many pieces; and time, and care, and much persuasion, were all requisite to solder the fragments together,

As the spring advanced, being, in the manner related, engaged in furthering the purposes of the exiled Covenanters, I prepared, through the instrumentality of divers friends, many in the West Country to be in readiness to join the Earl's standard of deliverance. It is not however to be disguised, that the work went on but slowly, and that the people heard of the intended descent with something like an actionless wonderment, in consequence of those by whom it had been planned not sending forth any declaration of their views and intents. And this indisposition, especially among the Cameronians, became a settled reluctance, when, after the Earl had reached Campbelton, he publish-

ed that purposeless proclamation, wherein, though the wrongs and woes of the kingdom were pithily recited, the nature of the redress proposed was in no manner manifest. It was plain indeed, by many signs, that the Lord's time was not yet come for the work to thrive.

The divisions in Argyle's councils were greater even than those among the different orders into which the Covenanters had been long split—the very Cameronians might have been sooner persuaded to refrain from insisting on points of doctrine and opinion, at least till the adversary was overthrown, than those who were with the ill-fated Earl to act with union among themselves. In a word, all about the expedition was confusion and perplexity, and the omens and auguries of ruin, showed how much it wanted the favour that is better than the strength of numbers, or the wisdom of mighty men. But to proceed.

## CHAP. XXVII.

SIR JOHN COCHRANE, one of those who were with Argyle, had, by some espial of his own, a correspondence with divers of the Covenanters in the shire of Ayr; and he was so heartened by their representations of the spirit among them, that he urged, and overcame the Earl, to let him make a trial on that coast before waiting till the Highlanders were roused. Accordingly, with the three ships and the men they had brought from Holland, he went toward Largs, famed in old time for a great battle fought there; but, on arriving' opposite to the shore, he found it guarded by the powers and forces of the government, in so much, that he was fain to direct his course farther up the river; and weighing anchor sailed for Greenock.

It happened at this juncture, after conferring with several of weight among the Cameronianians, that I went to Greenock for the purpose of taking shipping for any place where I was likely to find Argyle, in order to represent to him, that, unless there was a clear account of what he and others with him proposed to do, he could expect no co-operation from the societies; and I reached the town just as the three ships were coming in sight.

I had not well alighted from my horse at Dugal M'Vicar the smith's public,—the best house it is in the town, and slated. It stands beside an oak tree on the open shore, below the Mansion-house-brac, above the place where the mariners boil their tar-pots. As I was saying, I had not well alighted there, when a squadron of certain time-serving and prelatie-inclined heritors of the shire of Renfrew, under the command of Houston of that ilk, came galloping to the town as if they would have devoured Argyle, host, and ships and



all; and they rode straight to the minister's glebe, where, behind the kirk-yard dyke, they set themselves in battle array with drawn swords, the vessels having in the meanwhile come to anchor forenent the kirk.

Like the men of the town I went to be an onlooker, at a distance, of what might ensue; and a sore heart it was to me, to see and to hear that the Greenock folk stood so much in dread of their superior, Sir John Shaw, that they durst not, for fear of his black-hole, venture to say that day whether they were papists, prelates, or presbyterians, he himself not being in the way to direct them.

Shortly after the ships had cast anchor, Major Fullarton, with a party of some ten or twelve men, landed at the burn-foot, near the kirk, and having shown a signal for parley, Houston and his men went to him, and began to chafe and chide him for invading the country.

"We are no invaders," said the Major,

“ we have come to our native land to preserve the protestant religion ; and I am grieved that such brave gentlemen, as ye appear to be, should be seen in the cause of a papist tyrant and usurper.”

“ Ye lee,” cried Houston, and fired his pistol at the Major, the like did his men ; but they were so well and quickly answered in the same language, that they soon were obligated to flee like drift to the brow of a hill, called Kilblain-brac, where they again showed face.

Those on board the ships seeing what was thus doing on the land, pointed their great guns to the airt where the cavaliers had rallied, and fired them with such effect, that the stoure and stones brattled about the lugs of the heritors, which so terrified them all that they scampered off ; and, it is said, some drew not bridle till they were in Paisley with whole skins, though at some cost of leather.

When these tyrant tools were thus discom-

fited, Sir John Cochrane came on shore, and tried in vain to prevail on the inhabitants to join in defence of religion and liberty. So he sent for the baron-bailie, who was the ruling power of the town in the absence of their great Sir John, and ordered him to provide forthwith two hundred bolls of meal for the ships. But the bailie, a shrewd and gausie man, made so many difficulties in the gathering of the meal, to waste time till help would come, that the knight was glad to content himself with little more than a fifth part of his demand.

Meanwhile I had made my errand known to Sir John Cochrane, and when he went off with the meal-sacks to the ships I went with him, and we sailed the same night to the castle of Allengreg, where Argyle himself then was.

Whatever doubts and fears I had of the success of the expedition, were all wofully confirmed, when I saw how things were about

that unfortunate nobleman. The controversies in our councils at the Pentland raid were more than renewed among those who were around Argyle; and it was plain to me that the sense of ruin was upon his spirit; for, after I had told him the purport of my mission, he said to me in a mournful manner—

“I can discern no party in this country that desire to be relieved; there are some hidden ones no doubt, but only my poor friends here in Argyle seem willing to be free. God hath so ordered it, and it must be for the best. I submit myself to his will.”

I felt the truth of what he said, that the tyranny had indeed bred distrust among us, and that the patience of men was so worn out that very many were inclined to submit from mere weariness of spirit;—but I added, to hearten him, if one of my condition may say so proud a thing of so great a person, That were the distinct ends of his intents made more clearly manifest, maybe the dispersed

hearts of the Covenanters would yet be knit together. “Some think, my Lord, ye’re for the Duke of Monmouth to be king, but that will ne’er do,—the rightful heirs canna be set aside. James Stuart may be, and should be, put down; but, according to the customs registered, as I hae read in the ancient chronicles of this realm, when our nation in olden times cut off a king for his misdeeds, the next lawful heir was ay raised to the throne.”

To this the Earl made no answer, but continued some time thoughtful, and then said—

“It rests not all with me,—those who are with me, as you may well note, take over much upon them, and will not be controlled. They are like the waves, raised and driven wheresoever any blast of rumour wiseth them to go. I gave a letter of trust to one of their emissaries, and, like the raven, he has never returned. If, however, I could get to Inverary, I doubt not yet that something might

be done ; for I should then be in the midst of some that would reverence Argyle."

But why need I dwell on these melancholious incidents? Next day the Earl resolved to make the attempt to reach Inverary, and I went with him ; but after the castle of Ark-  
inglass, in the way thither, had been taken, he was obligated, by the appearance of two English frigates which had been sent in pursuit of the expedition, to return to Allengreg ; for the main stores and ammunition brought from Holland were lodged in that castle ; the ships also were lying there ; all which in a manner were at stake, and no garrison adequate to defend the same from so great a power.

On returning to Allengreg, Argyle saw it would be a golden achievement, if in that juncture he could master the frigates ; so he ordered his force, which amounted to about a thousand men, to man the ships and four prizes which he had, together with about thirty cowan boats belonging to his vassals,

and to attack the frigates. But in this also he was disappointed, for those who were with him, and wedded to the purpose<sup>n</sup> of going to the Lowlands, mutinied against the scheme as too hazardous, and obliged him to give up the attempt, and to leave the castle with a weak and incapable garrison.

Accordingly, reluctant, but yielding to these blind councils, after quitting Allengreg, we marched for the Lowlands, and at the head of the Gareloch, where we halted, the garrison which had been left at Allengreg joined us with the disastrous intelligence, that, finding themselves unable to withstand the frigates, they had abandoned all.

I was near to Argyle when the news of this was brought to him, and I observed that he said nothing, but his cheek faded, and he hastily wrung his hands.

Having crossed the river Leven a short way above Dumbarton, without suffering any material molestation, we halted for the night.

But as we were setting our watches a party of the government force appeared, so that, instead of getting any rest after our heavy march, we were obliged to think of again moving.

The Earl would fain have fought with that force, his numbers being superior, but he was again over-ruled ; so that all we could do was, during the night, leaving our camp-fires burning for a delusion, to make what haste we could toward Glasgow.

In this the uncountenanced fortunes of the expedition were again seen. Our guides in the dark misled us ; so that, instead of being taken to Glasgow, we were, after grievous traversing in the moors, landed on the banks of the Clyde near Kilpatrick, where the whole force broke up, Sir John Cochrane, being fey for the West Country, persuading many to go with him over the water, in order to make for the shire of Ayr.

The Earl seeing himself thus deserted, and



but few besides those of his own kin left with him, rode about a mile on towards Glasgow, with the intent of taking some rest in the house of one who had been his servant ; but on reaching the door it was shut in his face, and barred, and admission peremptorily refused. He said nothing, but turned round to us with a smile of such resigned sadness that it brought tears into every eye.

Seeing that his fate was come to such extremity, I proposed to exchange clothes with him, that he might the better escape, and to conduct him to the West Country, where, if any chance were yet left, it was to be found there, as Sir John Cochrane had represented. Whereupon he sent his kinsmen to make the best of their way back to the Highlands, to try what could be done among his clan ; and having accepted a portion of my apparel, he went to the ferry-boat with Major Fullarton, and we crossed the water together.

On landing on the Renfrew side the Earl

went forward alone, a little before the Major and me ; but on reaching the ford at Inchinnan he was stopped by two soldiers, who laid hands upon him, one on each side, and in the grappling one of them the Earl fell to the ground. In a moment, however, his Lordship started up, and got rid of them by presenting his pistols. But five others at the same instant came in sight, and fired and ran in at him, and knocked him down with their swords. “ Alas ! unfortunate Argyle,” I heard him cry as he fell ; and the soldiers were so astonished at having so rudely treated so great a man, that they stood still with awe and dropped their swords, and some of them shed tears of sorrow for his fate.

Seeing what had thus happened, Major Fullarton and I fled and hid ourselves behind a hedge, for we saw another party of troopers coming towards the spot,—we heard afterwards that it was Sir John Shaw of Greenock, with some of the Renfrewshire heritors, by

whom the Earl was conducted a prisoner to Glasgow. But of the dismal indignities, and the degradations to which he was subjected, and of his doleful martyrdom, the courteous reader may well spare me the sad recital, as they are recorded in all true British histories, and he will accept for the same those sweet but mournful lines which Argyle indited in the dungeon :

Thou, passenger, that shalt have so much time  
To view my grave, and ask what was my crime ;  
No stain of error, no black vice's brand,  
Was that which chased me from my native land.  
Love to my country—twice sentenced to die—  
Constrain'd my hands forgotten arms to try.  
More by friends' fraud my fall proceeded hath  
Than foes, though now they thrice decreed my death.  
On my attempt though Providence did frown,  
His oppress'd people God at length shall own ;  
Another hand, by more successful speed,  
Shall raise the remnant, bruise the serpent's head.  
Though my head fall, that is no tragic story,  
Since, going hence, I enter endless glory.

## CHAP. XXVIII.

THE news of the fall of Argyle was as gladdening wine to the cruel spirit of James Stuart. It was treated by him as victory was of old among the conquering Romans, and he ordained medals of brass and of silver to be made, to commemorate, as a glorious triumph, the deed that was a crime. But he was not content with such harmless monuments of insensate exultation ; he considered the blow as final to the presbyterian cause, and openly set himself to effect the re-establishment of the idolatrous abominations of the mass and monkrie.

The Lord Perth and his brother, the Lord Melford, and a black catalogue of others, whose names, for the fame of Scotland, I would fain expunge with the waters of obli-

vion, considering Religion as a thing of royal regulation, professed themselves papists, and got, as the price of their apostacy and perdition, certain places of profit in the government. Clouds of the papistical locust were then allured into the land, to eat it up leaf and blade again. Schools to teach children the deceits, and the frauds, and the sins of the jesuits, were established even in the palace of Holyroodhouse ; and the chapel, which had been cleansed in the time of Queen Mary, was again defiled with the pageantries of idolatry.

But the godly people of Edinburgh called to mind the pious bravery of their forefathers, and all that they had done in the Reformation ; and they rose, as it were with one accord, and demolished the schools, and purified the chapel, even to desolation, and forced the papist priest to abjure his own idols. The old abhorrence of the abominations was revived ; for now it was clearly seen what King Charles and his brother had been seeking,

in the relentless persecution which they had so long sanctioned ; and many in consequence, who had supported and obeyed the prelatie apostacy as a thing but of innocent forms, trembled at the share which they had taken in the guilt of that aggression, and their dismay was unspeakable.

The tyrant, however, soon saw that he had over-counted the degree of the humiliation of the land ; and being disturbed by the union which his open papistry was causing among all denominations of protestants, he changed his mood, and from force resorting to fraud, publishing a general toleration,—a device of policy which greatly disheartened the prelatie faction ; for they saw that they had only laboured to strengthen a prerogative, the first effectual exercise of which was directed against themselves, every one discerning that the indulgence was franted to give head-rope to the papists. But the Covenanters made use of it to advance the cause of the gospel, as I

shall now proceed to rehearse, as well as how through it I was enabled to perform my avenging vow.

Among the exiled Covenanters who returned with Argyle, and with whom I became acquainted while with him, was Thomas Ardmillan, when, after my escape at the time when the Earl was taken, I fell in again with at Kirkintilloch, as I was making the best of my way into the East country, and we went together to Arbroath, where he embarked for Holland.

Being then minded to return back to Edinburgh, and to abide again with Mrs. Brownlee, in whose house I had found a safe asylum, and a convenient place of espial, after seeing him on board the vessel, I also took shipping, and returned to Leith under an assurance that I should hear of him from time to time. It was not, however, until the indulgence was proclaimed that I heard from him, about which era he wrote to me a most

scriptural letter, by the reverend Mr Patrick Warner, who had received a call from the magistrates and inhabitants of the covenanted town of Irvine, to take upon him the ministry of their parish.

Mr Warner having accepted the call, on arriving at Leith sent to Mrs Brownlee's this letter, with a request that, if I was alive and there, he would be glad to see me in his lodging before departing to the West country.

As the fragrance of Mr Warner's sufferings was sweet among all the true and faithful, I was much regaled with this invitation, and went forthwith to Leith, where I found him in a house that is clad with oyster-shells, in the Tod's-hole Close. He was sitting in a fair chamber therein, with that worthy Bailie that afterwards was next year, at the time of the Revolution, Mr Cornelius Neilson, and his no less excellent compeer on the same great occasion, Mr George Samsone, both persons of godly repute. Mr Cheyne, the town-clerk,



was likewise present, a most discreet character; but being a lawyer by trade, and come of an episcopal stock, he was rather a thought, it was said, inclined to the prelatie sect. Divers others, douce and religious characters, were also there, especially Mr Jaddua Fyfe, a merchant of women's gear, then in much renown for his suavity. Mr Warner was relating to them many consolatory things of the worth and piety of the Prince and Princess of Orange, to whom the eyes of all the protestants, especially of the presbyterians, were at that time directed.

“ Aye, aye,” said Mr Jaddua Fyfe, “ nae doot, nae doot, but the Prince is a man sweet-smelling odour,—that's in the way of character;—and the Princess; aye, aye, it is well known, that 'she's a pure snowdrop, and a lily o' the valley in the Lord's garden,—that's in the way of piety.”

“ They're the heirs presumptive to the crown,” subjoined Mr Cheyne.

“ They’re weel entitled to the reverence and respect of us a’,” added Mr Cornelius Neilson.

. “ When I first got the call from Irvine,” resumed Mr Warner, “ that excellent lady, and precious vessel of godliness, the Countess of Sutherland, being then at the Hague, sought my allowance to let the Princess know of my acceptance of the call, and to inquire if her Highness had any commands for Scotland ; and the Princess in a most gracious manner signified to her that the best thing I, and those who were like me, could do for her, was to be earnest in praying that she might be kept firm and faithful in the reformed religion, adding many tender things of her sincere sympathy for the poor persecuted people of Scotland, and recommending that I should wait on the Prince before taking my departure. I was not, however, forward to thrust myself into such honour ; but at last yielding to the exhortations

of my friends, I went to the house of Mynheer Bentinek, and gave him my name for an audience ; and one morning, about eight of the clock, his servant called for me and took me to his house, and he himself conveyed me into the presence of the Prince, where, leaving me with him, we had a most weighty and edifying conversation."

" Aye, aye," interposed, Mr Jaddua Fyfe, " it was a great thing to converse wi' a prince ; and how did he behave himsel,—that's in the way o' manners ?"

" Ye need na debate, Mr Fyfe, about that," replied Mr Sansone, " the Prince kens what it's to be civil, especially to his friends ;" and I thought, in saying these words, that Mr Sansone looked particular towards me.

" And what passed ?" said the town-clerk, in a way as if he pawkily jealoused something. Mr Warner, however, in his placid and minister-like manner, responded—

" I told his Highness how I had received

the call from Irvine, and thought it my duty to inquire if there was any thing wherein I could serve him in Scotland.

“ To this the Prince replied in a benign manner—”

“ Aye, aye,” ejaculated Mr Jaddua Fyfe, “ nae doubt it was in a benignant manner, and in a cordial manner. Aye, aye, he has nae his ell-wand to seek when a customer’s afore the counter,—that’s in the way o’ business.”

“ ‘ I understand,’ said his Highness,” continued Mr Warner, “ ‘ you are called home upon the toleration lately granted ; but I can assure you, that toleration is not granted for any kindness to your party, but to favour the papists, and to divide you among yourselves ; yet I think you may be so wise as to take good of it, and prevent the evil designed, and, instead of dividing, come to a better harmony among yourselves when you have liberty to see and meet more freely.’ ”

“ To which,” said Mr Warner, “ I an-

swered, that I heartily wished it might prove so, and that nothing would be wanting on my part to make it so ; and I added, the presbyterians in Scotland, Great Sir, are looked upon as a very despicable party ; but those who do so, measure them by the appearance at Pentland and Bothwell, as if the whole power of the presbyterians had been drawn out there ; but I can assure your Highness that such are greatly mistaken ; for many firm presbyterians were not satisfied as to the grounds and manner of those risings, and did not join ; and others were borne down by the Persecution. In verity I am persuaded, that if Scotland were left free, of three parts of the people two would be found presbyterians. We are indeed a poor persecuted party, and have none under God to look to for our help and relief but your Highness, on account of that relation you and the Princess have to the crown."

" That was going a great length, Mr Warner," said Mr Cheyne, the town-clerk.

“ No a bit, no a bit,” cried I ; and Mr Jaddua Fyfe gave me an approving gloom, while Mr Warner quietly continued—

“ I then urged many things, hoping that the Lord would incline his Highness’ heart to espouse His interest in Scotland, and befriend the persecuted presbyterians. To which the Prince replied—

“ Aye, aye, I like to hear what his Highness said, that’s in the way of counselling,” said Mr Jaddua Fyfe.

“ The Prince,” replied Mr Warner, “ then spoke to me earnestly, saying—

“ ‘ I have been educated a presbyterian, and I hope so to continue ; and I assure you, if ever it be in my power, I shall make the presbyterian church-government the established church-government of Scotland, and of this you may assure your friends, as in prudence you find it convenient.’ ”

Discerning the weight and intimation that were in these words, I said, when Mr Warner

had made an end, that it was a great thing to know the sentiment of the Prince ; for by all signs the time could not be far off when we would maybe require to put his assurance and promise to the test. At which words of mine there were many exchanges of gathered brows and significant nods, and Mr Jaddua Fyfe, to whom I was sitting next, slyly pinched me in the elbow ; all which spoke plainer than elocution, that those present were accorded with me in opinion ; and I gave inward thanks that such a braird of renewed courage and zeal was beginning to kithe among us.

## CHAP. XXIX.

BESIDES Mr Warner, many other ministers, who had taken refuge in foreign countries, were called home, and it began openly to be talked, that King James would to a surety be set aside, on account of his malversations in the kingly office in England, and the even-down course he was pursuing there, as in Scotland, to abolish all property that the subjects had in the ancient laws and charters of the realm. But the thing came to no definite head, till that jesuit-contrived device for cutting out the protestant heirs to the crown was brought to maturity, by palming a man-child upon the nation as the lawful son of the Tyrant and his papistical wife.

In the meantime I had not been idle in disseminating throughout the land, by the means



of the Cameronians, a faithful account of what Mr Warner had related of the pious character and presbyterian dispositions of the Prince of Orange; and through a correspondence that I opened with Thomas Ardmillan, Mynheer Bentinck was kept so informed of the growing affection for his master in Scotland, as soon emboldened the Prince, with what he heard of the inclinations of the English people, to prepare a great host and navy for the deliverance of the kingdoms. In the midst of these human means and stratagems, the bright right-hand of Providence was shiningly visible; for by the news of the Prince's preparations It smote the councils of King James with confusion and a fatal distraction.

Though he had so alienated the Scottish lieges, that none but the basest of men among us acknowledged his authority, yet he summoned all his forces into England, leaving his power to be upheld here by those only

who were vile enough to wish for the continuance of slavery. Thus was the way cleared for the advent of the deliverer; and the faithful nobles and gentry of Scotland, as the army was removed, came flocking into Edinburgh, and the Privy Council, which had been so little slack in any crime, durst not molest them, though the purpose of their being there was a treason which the members could not but all well know. Every thing, in a word, was now moving onward to a great event; all in the land was as when the thaw comes, and the ice is breaking, and the snows melting, and the waters flowing, and the rivers are bursting their frozen fetters, and the sceptre of winter is broken, and the wreck of his domination is drifting and perishing away.

To keep the Privy Council in the confusion of the darkness of ignorance, I concerted with many of the Cameronians that they should spread themselves along the highways,

and intercept the government expresses and emissaries, to the end that neither the King's faction in England nor in Scotland might know aught of the undertakings of each other ; and when Thomas Ardnillan sent me, from Mynheer Bentinek, the Prince's declaration for Scotland, I hastened into the West Country, that I might exhort the covenanted there to be in readiness, and from the tolbooth stair of Irvine, yea on the very step where my heart was so pierced by the cries of my son; I was the first in Scotland to publish that glorious pledge of our deliverance. On the same day, at the same hour, the like was done by others of our friends at Glasgow and at Ayr ; and there was shouting, and joy, and thanksgiving, and the magnificent voice of freedom resounded throughout the land, and ennobled all hearts again with bravery.

When the news of the Prince's landing at Torbay arrived, we felt that liberty was

come; but long oppression had made many distrustful, and from day to day rumours were spread by the despairing members of the prelatie sect, the breathings of their wishes, that made us doubt whether we ought to band ourselves into any array for warfare. In this state of swithering and incertitude we continued for some time, till I began to grow fearful lest the zeal which had been so rekindled would sink and go out if not stirred again in some effectual manner. So I conferred with Quintin Fullarton, who in all these providences had been art and part with me, from the day of the meeting with Mr Renwick near Laswade; and as the Privy Council, when it was known the Prince had been invited over, had directed beacons to be raised on the tops of many mountains, to be fired as signals of alarum for the King's party when the Dutch fleet should be seen approaching the coast, we devised, as a mean for calling forth the strength and spirit

of the Covenanters, that we should avail ourselves of their preparations.

Accordingly we instructed four alert young men, of the Cameronian societies, severally and unknown to each other, to be in attendance on the night of the tenth of December at the beacons on the hills of Knoekdolian, Lowthers, Blacklarg, and Bencairn, that they might fire the same if need or signal should so require, Quintin Fullarton having undertaken to kindle the one on Mistylaw himself.

The night was dark, but it was ordained that the air should be moist and heavy, and in that state when the light of flame spreads farthest. Meanwhile fearful reports from Ireland of papistical intents to maintain the cause of King James made the fancies of men awake and full of anxieties. The prelatie curates were also so heartened by those rumours and tidings, that they began to recover from the dismay with which the news of the Prince's landing had overwhelmed

them, and to shoot out again the horns of antichristian arrogance. But when, about three hours after sunset, the beacon on the Mistylaw was fired, and when hill after hill was lighted up, the whole country was filled with such consternation and panic, that I was myself smitten with the dread of some terrible consequence. Horsemen passed furiously in all directions—bells were rung, and drums beat—mothers were seen flying with their children they knew not whither—cries and lamentations echoed on every side. The skies were kindled with a red glare, and none could tell where the signal was first shown. Some said the Irish had landed and were burning the towns in the south, and no one knew where to flee from the unknown and invisible enemy.

In the meantime, our Covenanters of the West assembled at their trysting-place, to the number of more than six thousand armed men, ready and girded for battle; and this

appearance was an assurance that no power was then in all the Lowlands able to gainsay such a force ; and next day, when it was discovered that the alarm had no real cause, it was determined that the prelatie priests should be openly discarded from their parishes. Our vengeance, however, was not meted upon them by the measure of our sufferings, but by the treatment which our own pastors had borne ; and, considering how many of them had acted as spies and accusers against us, it is surprising, that of two hundred, who were banished from the parishes, few received any cause of complaint ; even the poor feckless thing Andrew Dornock was decently expelled from the manse of Quharist, on promising he would never return. „

This riddance of the malignants was the first fruit of the expulsion of James Stuart from the throne ; but it was not long till we were menaced with new and even greater sufferings than we had yet endured. For though

the tyrant had fled, he had left Claverhouse, under the title of Viscount Dundee, behind him; and in the fearless activity of that proud and cruel warrior, there was an engine sufficient to have restored him to his absolute throne, as I shall now proceed to rehearse.



## CHAP. XXX.

THE true and faithful of the West, by the event recorded in the foregoing chapter, being so instructed with respect to their own power and numbers, stood in no reverence of any force that the remnants of the Tyrant's sect and faction could afford to send against them. I therefore resolved to return to Edinburgh; for the longing of my grandfather's spirit to see the current and course of public events flowing from their fountain-head, was upon me, and I had not yet so satisfied the yearnings of justice as to be able to look again on the ashes of my house and the tomb of Sarah Lochrig and her daughters. Accordingly, soon after the turn of the year I went thither, where I found all things in uncertainty and commotion.

Claverhouse, or, as he was now titled, Lord Dundee, with that scorn of public opinion and defect of all principle, save only a canine fidelity, a dog's love, to his papistical master, domineered with his dragoons, as if he himself had been regnant monarch of Scotland; and it was plain and probable, that unless he was soon bridled, he would speedily act upon the wider stage of the kingdom the same Mahound-like part that he had played in the prenticeship of his cruelties of the shire of Ayr. The peril, indeed, from his courage and activity, was made to me very evident, by a conversation that I had with one David Middleton, who had come from England on some business of the Jacobites there, in connexion with Dundee.

Providence led me to fall in with this person one morning, as we were standing among a crowd of other onlookers, seeing Claverhouse reviewing his men in the front court of Holyrood-house. I happened to remark, for in

sooth it must be so owned, that the Viscount had a brave though a proud look, and that his voice had the manliness of one ordained to command.

“ Yes,” replied David Middleton, “ he’s a born soldier, and if the King is to be restored, he is the man that will do it. When his Majesty was at Rochester, before going to France, I was there with my master, and being called in to mend the fire, I heard Dundee and my Lord, then with the King, discoursing concerning the royal affairs.

“ ‘ The question,’ said Lord Dundee to his Majesty, ‘ is, whether you shall stay in England or go to France? My opinion, sir, is, that you should stay in England, make your stand here, and summon your subjects to your allegiance. ’Tis true, you have disbanded your army, but give me leave, and I will undertake to get ten thousand men of it together, and march through all England with your standard at their head, and drive the Dutch

before you ;' and," added David Middleton, " let him have time, and I doubt not, that, even without the King's leave, he will do as much."

Whether the man in this did brag of a knowledge that he had not, the story seemed so likely, that it could scarcely be questioned ; so I consulted with my faithful friend and companion, Quintin Fullarton, and other men of weight among the Cameronians ; and we agreed, that those of the societies who were scattered along the borders to intercept the correspondence between the English and Scottish Jacobites, should be called into Edinburgh to daunt the rampageous insolence of Claverhouse.

This was done accordingly ; and from the day that they began to appear in the streets, the bravery of those who were with him seemed to slacken. But still he carried himself as boldly as ever, and persuaded the Duke of Gordon, then governor of the castle, not

to surrender, nor obey any mandate from the Convention of the States, by whom, in that interregnum, the rule of the kingdom was exercised. Still, however, the Cameronians were coming in, and their numbers became so manifest, that the dragoons were backward to show themselves. But their commander affected not to value us, till one day a singular thing took place, which, in its issues, ended the over-awing influence of his presence in Edinburgh.

I happened to be standing with Quintin Fullarton, and some four or five other Cameronians, at an entry-mouth forenent the Canon-gate-cross, when Claverhouse, and that tool of tyranny, Sir George Mackenzie the advocate, were coming up from the palace; and as they passed, the Viscount looked hard at me, and said to Sir George,

“ I have somewhere seen that doure cur before.”

Sir George turned round also to look, and I said—

“ It’s true, Claverhouse,—we met at Drumclog;” and I touched my arm that he had wounded there, adding, “ and the blood shed that day has not yet been paid for.”

At these words he made a rush upon me with his sword, but my friends were nimbler with theirs; and Sir George Mackenzie interposing, drew him off, and they went away together.

The affair, however, ended not here. Sir George, with the subtlety of a lawyer, tried to turn it to some account, and making a great ado of it, as a design to assassinate Lord Dundee and himself, tried to get the Convention to order all strangers to remove from the town. This, however, was refused; so that Claverhouse, seeing how the spirit of the times was going among the members, and the boldness with which the Presbyterians and the Covenanters were daily bearding his arrogance, withdrew with his dragoons from the city, and made for Stirling.

In this retreat from Edinburgh he blew the trumpet of civil war; but in less than two hours from the signal, a regiment of eight hundred Cameronians was arrayed in the High-street. The son of Argyle, who had taken his seat in the Convention as a peer, soon after gathered three hundred of the Campbells, and the safety of Scotland now seemed to be secured by the arrival of Mackay with three Scotch regiments, then in the Dutch service, and which the Prince of Orange had brought with him to Torbay.

By the retreat of Claverhouse the Jacobite party in Edinburgh were so disheartened, and any endeavour which they afterwards made to rally was so crazed with consternation, that it was plain the sceptre had departed from their master. The capacity as well as the power for any effectual action was indeed evidently taken from them, and the ploughshare was driven over the ruins of their cause on the ever-memorable eleventh

day of April, when William and Mary were proclaimed King and Queen.

But though thus the oppressor was cast down from his throne, and though thus, in Scotland, the chief agents in the work of deliverance were the outlawed Cameronians, as instructed by me, the victory could not be complete, nor the trophies hung up in the hall, while the Tyrant possessed an instrument of such edge and temper as Claverhouse. As for myself, I felt that while the homicide lived the debt of justice and of blood due to my martyred family could never be satisfied; and I heard of his passing from Stirling into the Highlands, and the wonders he was working for the Jacobite cause there, as if nothing had yet been achieved toward the fulfilment of my avenging vow.



## CHAP. XXXI.

WHEN Claverhouse left Stirling, he had but sixty horse. In little more than a month he was at the head of seventeen hundred men. He obtained reinforcements from Ireland. The Macdonalds, and the Camerons, and the Gordons, were all his. A vassal of the Marquis of Athol had declared for him even in the castle of Blair, and defended it against the clan of his master. An event still more strange was produced by the spell of his presence,—the clansmen of Athol deserted their chief, and joined his standard. He kindled the hills in his cause, and all the life of the North was gathering around him.

Mackay, with the Covenanters, the regiments from Holland, and the Cameronians, went from Perth to oppose his entrance into

the Lowlands. The minds of men were suspended. Should he defeat Mackay, it was plain that the crown would soon be restored to James Stuart, and the woes of Scotland come again.

In that dismal juncture I was alone; for Quintin Fullarton, with all the Cameronians, was with Mackay.

I was an old man, verging on threescore.

I went to and fro in the streets of Edinburgh all day long, inquiring of every stranger the news; and every answer that I got was some new triumph of Dundee.

No sleep came to my burning pillow, or if indeed my eyelids for very weariness fell down, it was only that I might suffer the stings of anxiety in some sharper form; for my dreams were of flames kindling around me, through which I saw behind the proud and exulting visage of Dundee.

Sometimes in the depths of the night I rushed into the street, and I listened with

greedy ears, thinking I heard the trampling of dragoons and the heavy wheels of cannon : and often in the day, when I saw three or four persons speaking together, I ran towards them, and broke in upon their discourse with some wild interrogation, that made them answer me with pity.

But the haste and frenzy of this alarm suddenly changed : I felt that I was a chosen instrument ; I thought that the ruin which had fallen on me and mine was assuredly some great mystery of Providence : I remembered the prophecy of my grandfather, that a task was in store for me, though I knew not what it was ; I forgot my old age and my infirmities ; I hastened to my chamber ; I put money in my purse ; I spoke to no one ; I bought a carabine ;<sup>4</sup> and I set out alone to reinforce Mackay.

As I passed down the street, and out at the West Port, I saw the people stop and look at me with silence and wonder. As I

went along the road, several that were passing inquired where I was going so fast? but I waived my hand and hurried by.

I reached the Queensferry without as it were drawing breath. I embarked; and when the boat arrived at the northern side I had fallen asleep; and the ferryman, in compassion, allowed me to slumber unmolested. When I awoke I felt myself refreshed. I leapt on shore, and went again impatiently on.

But my mind was then somewhat calmer; and when I reached Kinross I bought a little bread, and retiring to the brink of the lake dipt it in the water, and it was a savoury repast.

As I approached the Brigg of Earn I felt age in my limbs, and though the spirit was willing the body could not; and I sat down, and I mourned that I was so frail and so feeble. But a marvellous vigour was soon again given to me, and I rose refreshed from

my resting-place on the wall of the bridge, and the same night I reached Perth. I stopped in a stabler's till the morning. At break of day, having hired a horse from him, I hastened forward to Dunkeld, where he told me Mackay had encamped the day before, on his way to defend the pass of Killiecrankie.

The road was thronged with women and children flocking into Perth in terror of the Highlanders, but I heeded them not. I had but one thought, and that was to reach the scene of war and Claverhouse.

On arriving at the ferry of Inver, the field in front of the Bishop of Dunkeld's house, where the army had been encamped, was empty. Mackay had marched towards Blair-Athol, to drive Dundee and the Highlanders, if possible, back into the glens and mosses of the North; for he had learnt that his own force greatly exceeded his adversary's.

On hearing this, and my horse being in need of bating, I halted at the ferry-house before crossing the Tay, assured by the boatman that I should be able to overtake the army long before it could reach the meeting of the Tummel and the Gary. And so it proved; for as I came to that turn of the road where the Tummel pours its roaring waters into the Tay, I heard the echoing of a trumpet among the mountains, and soon after saw the army winding its toilsome course along the river's brink, slowly and heavily, as the chariots of Pharoah laboured through the sands of the Desert; and the appearance of the long array was as the many-coloured woods that skirt the rivers in autumn.

On the right hand, hills, and rocks, and trees, rose like the ruins of the ramparts of some ancient world; and I thought of the epochs when the days of the children of men were a thousand years, and when giants were on the earth, and all were swept away by the

flood ; and I felt as if I beheld the hand of the Lord in the cloud weighing the things of time in His scales, to see if the sins of the world were indeed become again so great, as that the cause of Claverhouse should be suffered to prevail. For my spirit was as a flame that blazeth in the wind, and my thoughts as the sparks that shoot and soar for a moment towards the skies with a glorious splendour, and drop down upon the earth in ashes.

## CHAP. XXXII.

GENERAL MACKAY halted the host on a spacious green plain which lies at the meeting of the Tummel and the Gary, and which the Highlanders call Fascalì, because, as the name in their tongue signifies, no trees are growing thereon. This place is the threshold of the Pass of Killierankie, through the dark and woody chasms of which the impatient waters of the Gary come with hoarse and wrathful mutterings and murmurs. The hills and mountains around are built up in more olden and antic forms than those of our Lowland parts, and a wild and strange solemnity is mingled there with much fantastical beauty, as if, according to the minstrelsy of ancient times, sullen wizards and gamesome fairies



had joined their arts and spells to make a common dwelling-place.

As the soldiers spread themselves over the green bosom of Fascali, and piled their arms and furled their banners, and laid their drums on the ground, and led their horses to the river, the General sent forward a scout through the Pass, to discover the movements of Claverhouse, having heard that he was coming from the castle of Blair-Athol, to prevent his entrance into the Highlands.

The officer sent to make the espial, had not been gone above half an hour, when he came back in great haste to tell that the Highlanders were on the brow of a hill above the house of Rinrorie, and that unless the Pass was immediately taken possession of, it would be mastered by Claverhouse that night.

Mackay, at this news, ordered the trumpets to sound, and as the echoes multiplied and repeated the alarum, it was as if all the spirits of the hills called the men to arms. The sol-

diers looked around as they formed their ranks, listening with delight and wonder at the universal bravery; and I thought of the sight, which Elisha the prophet gave to the young man at Dothan, of the mountains covered with horses and chariots of fire, for his defence against the host of the King of Syria; and I went forward with the confidence of assured victory.

As we issued forth from the Pass into the wide country, extending towards Lude and Blair-Athol, we saw, as the officer had reported, the Highland hosts of Claverhouse arrayed along the lofty brow of the mountain, above the house of Rinrorie, their plaids waving in the breeze on the hill, and their arms glittering to the sun.

Mackay directed the troops, at crossing a raging brook called the Girnaig, to keep along a flat of land above the house of Rinrorie, and to form, in order of battle, on the field beyond the garden, and under the hill

where the Highlanders were posted ; the baggage and camp equipages, he at the same time ordered down into a plain that lies between the bank on the crown of which the house stands and the river Gary. An ancient monumental stone in the middle of the lower plain shows, that in some elder age a battle had been fought there, and that some warrior of might and fame had fallen.

In taking his ground on that elevated shelf of land, Mackay was minded to stretch his left wing to intercept the return of the Highlanders towards Blair, and, if possible, oblige them to enter the Pass of Killiecrankie, by which he would have cut them off from their resources in the North, and so perhaps mastered them without any great slaughter.

But Claverhouse discerned the intent of his movement, and before our covenanted host had formed their array, it was evident that he was preparing to descend ; and as a foretaste of the vehemence wherewith the

Highlanders were coming, we saw them rolling large stones to the brow of the hill.

In the meantime the house of Rimrorie having been deserted by the family, the lady, with her children and maidens, had fled to Lude or Struan, Mackay ordered a party to take possession of it, and to post themselves at the windows which look up the hill. I was among those who went into the house, and my station was at the easternmost window, in a small chamber which is entered by two doors,—the one opening from the stair-head, and the other from the drawing-room. In this situation we could see but little of the distribution of the army or the positions that Mackay was taking, for our view was confined to the face of the hill whereon the Highlanders were busily preparing for their descent. But I saw Claverhouse on horseback riding to and fro, and plainly inflaming their valour with many a courageous gesture; and as he turned and winded his prancing war-

horse, his breastplate blazed to the setting sun like a beacon on the hill.

When he had seemingly concluded his exhortation, the Highlanders stooped forward, and hurled down the rocks which they had gathered for their forerunners; and while the stones came leaping and bounding with a noise like thunder, the men followed in thick and separate bands, and Mackay gave the signal to commence firing.

We saw from the windows many of the Highlanders, at the first volley, stagger and fall, but the others came furiously down; and before the soldiers had time to stick their bayonets into their guns, the broad swords of the Clansmen hewed hundreds to the ground.

Within a few minutes the battle was general between the two armies; but the smoke of the firing involved all the field, and we could see nothing from the windows. The echoes of the mountains raged with the din, and the sounds were multiplied by them in

so many different places, that we could not tell where the fight was hottest. The whole country around resounded as with the uproar of a universal battle.

I felt the passion of my spirit return; I could no longer restrain myself, nor remain where I was. Snatching up my carabine, I left my actionless post at the window, and hurried down stairs, and out of the house. I saw by the flashes through the smoke, that the firing was spreading down into the plain where the baggage was stationed, and by this I knew that there was some movement in the battle; but whether the Highlanders or the Covenanters were shifting their ground, I could not discover, for the valley was filled with smoke, and it was only at times that a sword, like a glance of lightning, could be seen in the cloud wherein the thunders and tempest of the conflict were raging.

## CHAP. XXXIII.

As I stood on the brow of the bank in front of Rinrorie-house, a gentle breathing of the evening air turned the smoke like the travelling mist of the hills, and opening it here and there, I had glimpses of the fighting. Sometimes I saw the Highlanders driving the Covenanters down the steep, and sometimes I beheld them in their turn on the ground endeavouring to protect their unbonnetted heads with their targets, but to whom the victory was, to be given I could discern no sign; and I said to myself, the prize at hazard is the liberty of the land and the Lord; surely it shall not be permitted to the champion of bondage to prevail.

A stronger breathing of the gale came rush-

ing along, and the skirts of the smoke where the baggage stood were blown aside, and I beheld many of the Highlanders among the waggons plundering and tearing. Then I heard a great shouting on the right, and looking that way, I saw the children of the Covenant fleeing in remnants across the lower plain, and making toward the river. Presently I also saw Mackay with two regiments, all that kept the order of discipline, also in the plain. He had lost the battle. Claverhouse had won; and the scattered firing, which was continued by a few, was to my ears as the rivetting of the shackles on the arms of poor Scotland for ever. My grief was unspeakable.

I ran to and fro on the brow of the hill—and I stampt with my feet—and I beat my breast—and I rubbed my hands with the frenzy of despair—and I threw myself on the ground—and all the sufferings of which I have written returned upon me—and I started up



and I cried aloud the blasphemy of the fool,  
“ There is no God.”

But scarcely had the dreadful words escaped my profane lips, when I heard, as it were, thunders in the heavens, and the voice of an oracle crying in the ears of my soul,  
“ The victory of this day is given into thy hands !” and strange wonder and awe fell upon me, and a mighty spirit entered into mine, and I felt as if I was in that moment clothed with the armour of divine might.

I took up my carabine, which in these transports had fallen from my hand, and I went round the gable of the house into the garden—and I saw Claverhouse with several of his officers coming along the ground by which our hosts had marched to their position—and ever and anon turning round and exhorting his men to follow him. It was evident he was making for the Pass to intercept our scattered fugitives from escaping that way.

The garden in which I then stood was sur-

rounded by a low wall. A small goose-pool lay on the outside, between which and the garden I perceived that Claverhouse would pass.

I prepared my flint and examined my fire-lock, and I walked towards the top of the garden with a firm step. The ground was buoyant to my tread, and the vigour of youth was renewed in my aged limbs : I thought that those for whom I had so mourned walked before me—that they smiled and beckoned me to come on, and that a glorious light shone around me.

Claverhouse was coming forward—several officers were near him, but his men were still a little behind, and seemed inclined to go down the hill, and he chided at their reluctance. I rested my carabine on the garden-wall. I bent my knee and knelt upon the ground. I aimed and fired,—but when the smoke cleared away I beheld the oppressor still proudly on his war-horse.

I loaded again, again I knelt, and again

rested my carabine upon the wall, and fired a second time, and was again disappointed.

Then I remembered that I had not implored the help of Heaven, and I prepared for the third time, and when all was ready, and Claverhouse was coming forward, I took off my bonnet, and kneeling with the gun in my hand, cried, "Lord, remember David and all his afflictions;" and having so prayed, I took aim as I knelt, and Claverhouse raising his arm in command, I fired. In the same moment I looked up, and there was a vision in the air as if all the angels of brightness, and the martyrs in their vestments of glory, were assembled on the walls and battlements of heaven to witness the event,—and I started up and cried, "I have delivered my native land!" But in the same instant I remembered to whom the glory was due, and falling again on my knees, I raised my hands and bowed my head as I said, "Not mine, O Lord, but thine is the victory!"

When the smoke rolled away I beheld Claverhouse in the arms of his officers, sinking from his horse, and the blood flowing from a wound between the breast-plate and the arm-pit. The same night he was summoned to the audit of his crimes.

It was not observed by the officers from what quarter the summoning bolt of justice came, but thinking it was from the house, every window was instantly attacked, while I deliberately retired from the spot,—and, till the protection of the darkness enabled me to make my escape across the Gary, and over the hills in the direction I saw Mackay and the remnants of the flock taking, I concealed myself among the bushes and rocks that overhung the violent stream of the Girmaig.

Thus was my avenging vow fulfilled,—and thus was my native land delivered from bondage. For a time yet there may be rumours and bloodshed, but they will prove as the wreck which the waves roll to the shore

after a tempest. The fortunes of the papistical Stuarts are foundered forever. Never again in this land shall any king, of his own caprice and prerogative, dare to violate the conscience of the people.

*Quharist, 5th November 1696.*

## POSTSCRIPT.

---

It does not seem to be, as yet, very generally understood by the critics in the South, that, independently of phraseology, there is such an idiomatic difference in the structure of the national dialects of England and Scotland, that very good Scotch might be couched in the purest English terms, and without the employment of a single Scottish word.

In reviewing the Memoirs of that worshipful personage, Provost Pawkie, some objection has been made to the style, as being neither Scotch nor English,—not Scotch, because the words are English,—and not English, because the forms of speech are Scottish. What has been thus regarded as a fault by some, others acquainted with the peculiarities of the language may be led to consider as a beauty.

But however proper the Scottish dialect may have been in a composition so local as "THE Provost," it may be urged, that, in a work like the present, where something of a historical character is attempted, the English language would have been a more dignified vehicle. Why it should be so is not very obvious; at all events, the Author thinks the style he has adopted, in expressing sentiments and feelings entirely Scottish, ought not to be objected to in point of good taste. Should the objection, however, be made, he has an answer in the words of the celebrated Titian:—

It happened one day, says Antonio Perez in his Memoirs, that Francisco de Vargas, ambassador from Charles V. to the Republic of Venice, remonstrated with the painter against his broad and coarse pencilling, so unlike the delicate touches of the great artists of that time:—"Señor," replied Titian, "yo desconfiè de llegar à la delicadeza y primor del pinzel de Michael Angelo, Urbino, Corregio, y Parmisano, y que quando bien llegasse, serià estimado tras ellos, ò

tenido por imitador dellos ; y la ambición natural, no menos à mi Arte que à las otras, me hizo echar por camino nuevo, que me hiziesse celebre en algo, como los otros lo fueron por el que signieron.”

Another misconception also prevails in the South, with respect to the Scottish political character. From the time of the North Briton of the unprincipled Wilkes, a notion has been entertained that the moral spine in Scotland is more flexible than in England. The truth however is, that an elementary difference exists in the public feelings of the two nations quite as great as in the idiom of their respective dialects. The English are a justice-loving people, according to charter and statute ; the Scotch are a wrong-resenting race, according to right and feeling : and the character of liberty among them takes its aspect from that peculiarity.

Colonel Stewart, in his curious and complete work on the Highlands, has shown, that even the clans, among whom the doctrines and affections of hereditary right are still cherished more



than ever they were in England at any period, hold themselves free to change their chieftains. It is so with the nation in general. Monarchy is an indestructible principle in our notions of civil government ; and though we anciently exercised the right of changing our kings pretty freely, Cromwell found it necessary to overrun the kingdom with an army to obtain the grudging acquiescence which was yielded to the Anglo-Republican phantasy of his time. But in our *natural* attachment to monarchy and its various gradations, and in the homages which we in consequence freely perform, it does not follow that there should be any unmanly humility. On the contrary, servile loyalty is comparatively rare among us, and it was in England that the Stuarts first DARED to broach the doctrine of the divine right of kings.

The two most important public documents extant show the difference between the national character of the Scotch and of the English people in a very striking light. In dictating Magna Charta to the tyrant John, the English barons implied,

that if he observed the conditions, they would obey him in all things else. But the Scottish nobles, in their Remonstrance to the Pope, declared, that they considered even their great and glorious Robert Bruce to be on his good behaviour.

The Remonstrance not being generally known, a translation is subjoined, of the time of Ringan Gilhaize—the sacred original is in the Register Office.

### TRANSLATION.

To our most holy Father in Christ, and our Lord, John, by the divine providence, Chief Bishop of the most Holy Roman and Universal Church, your humble and devoted sons, Duncan Earl of Fyfe, Thomas Randolph Earl of Murray, Lord Mannia and Annandale, Patrick de Dumbar Earl of March, Malisius Earl of Strathern, Malcolm Earl of Lennox, William Earl of Ross, Magnus Earl of Caithness and Orkney, William Earl of Sutherland, Walter Steward of

Scotland, William de Soules Buttelarius of Scotland, James Lord Douglas, Roger de Mowbray, David Lord Brechin, David de Grahame, Ingleramus de Umfraville, John de Monteith Warder of the county of Monteith, Alexander Frazer, Gilbert de Hay Constable of Scotland, Robert de Keith Marishal of Scotland, Henry de Sancto Claro, John de Graham, David de Lyndsay, William Oliphant, Patrick de Graham, John de Fenton, William de Abernethie, David de Weyms, William de Monto fixo, Fergus de Ardrossan, Eustachius de Maxwel, William de Ramsay, William de Monte-alto, Allan de Murray, Donald Campbel, John Camburn, Reginald le Chene, Alexander de Seton, Andrew de Lesceelyne, and Alexander Straton, and the rest of the Barons and Freeholders, and whole Community, or Commons of the kingdom of Scotland, send all manner of Filial Reverence, with devout kisses of your blessed and happy feet.

Most holy Father and Lord, we know and gather from ancient Aets and Records, that in every famous nation, this of Scotland hath been

celebrat with many praises : this nation having come from Scythia the greater, through the Tuscan Sea, and by Hercules Pillars, and having for many ages taken its residence in Spain in the midst of a most fierce people, could never be brought in subjection by any people, how barbarous soever : And having removed from those parts, above 1200 years after the coming of the Israelites out of Egypt, did by many victories and much toil, obtain the parts in the West, which they still possess, having expelled the Britons, and intirely rooted out the Picts, notwithstanding of the frequent assaults and invasions they met with from the Norwegians, Danes, and English ; and these parts and possessions they have always retained free from all manner of servitude, and subjection, as ancient histories do witness.

This kingdom hath been govern'd by an uninterrupted succession of 113 kings, all of our own native and royal stock, without the intervening of any stranger.

The true nobility and merits of these our

princes and people are very remarkable, from this one consideration, (tho' there were no other evidence for it,) that the King of kings, the Lord Jesus Christ, after his passion and resurrection, honored them as it were the first (though living in the utmost ends of the earth,) with a call to his most holy Faith: neither would our Saviour have them confirmed in the Christian Faith, by any other instrument than his own first Apostle (tho' in order the second or third,) St Andrew, the most worthy brother of the blessed Peter, whom he would always have to be over us, as our patron or protector.

Upon the weighty consideration of these things, the most holy Fathers your predecessors did, with many great and singular favours and privileges, fence and secure this kingdom and people, as being the peculiar charge and care of the brother of St Peter; so that our nation hath hitherto lived in freedom and quietness under their protection, till the magnificent King Edward, father to the present king of England, did under the colour of friendship, and alliance, or confedera-

cie, with innumerable oppressions, infest us who minded no fraud or deceit, at a time when we were without a king or head, and when the people were unacquainted with wars and invasions. It is impossible for any whose own experience hath not informed him to describe, or fully to understand, the injuries, blood, and violence, the depredations and fire, the imprisonments of prelates, the burning, slaughter, and robbérie committed upon holy persons and religious houses, and a vast multitude of other barbarities, which that king execute on this people, without sparing of any sex, or age, religion, or order of men whatsoever.

But at length it pleased God, who only can heal after wounds, to restore us to libertie, from these innumerable calamities, by our most Serene Prince, King and Lord, Robert, who for the delivering of his people and his own rightful inheritance from the enemies hand, did, like another Josua, or Maccabens, most cheerfully undergo all manner of toyle, fatigue, hardship, and hazard. The Divine Providence, the right

of succession by the laws and customs of the kingdom (which we will defend till death,) and the due and lawful consent, and assent of all the people, made him our king and prince. To him we are obliged and resolved to adhere in all things, both upon the account of his right and his own merit, as being the person who hath restored the people's safety, in defence of their liberties. But after all, if this prince shall leave the principles he hath so nobly pursued, and consent that we or our kingdom be subjected to the king or the people of England, we will immediately endeavour to expel him, as our enemy, and as the subverter both of his own and our rights, and will make another king, who will defend our liberties: for, so long as there shall but one hundred of us remain alive, we will never subject ourselves to the dominion of the English. For it is not glory, it is not riches, neither is it honour, but it is libertie alone that we fight and contend for, which no honest man will lose but with his life.

For these reasons, most Reverend Father and

Lord, we do with most earnest prayers, from our bended knees and hearts, beg and entreat your Holiness, that you may be pleased with a sincere and cordial piety to consider, that with Him, whose Vicar on earth you are, there is no respect nor distinction of Jew nor Greek, Scots nor English, and that with a tender and fatherly eye you may look upon the calamities and straits brought upon us and the Church of God by the English, and that you may admonish, and exhort the king of England (who may well rest satisfied with his own possessions, since that kingdom of old used to be sufficient for seven or more kings) to suffer us to live at peace in that narrow spot of Scotland, beyond which we have no habitation, since we desire nothing but our own; and we on our parts, as far as we are able, with respect to our own condition, shall effectually agree to him in every thing that may procure our quiet.

It is your concernment, most Holy Father, to interpose in this, when you see how far the violence and barbarity of the Pagans is let loose



against Christendom for punishing of the sins of the Christians, and how much they dayly encroach upon the Christian Territories : And it is your interest to notice, that there be no ground given for reflecting on your memory, if you should suffer any part of the church to come under a scandal or eclipse (which we pray God may prevent) during your time.

Let it therefore please your Holiness, to exhort the Christian princes, not to make the wars betwixt them and their neighbours a pretext for not going to the relief of the Holy Land, since that is not the true cause of the impediment : The truer ground of it is, that they have a much nearer prospect of advantage, and far less opposition, in the subduing of their weaker neighbours. And God (who is ignorant of nothing) knows, with how much cheerfulness both our king and we wou'd go thither, if the king of England would leave us in peace, as we do hereby testify and declare to the Vicar of Christ, and to all Christendom.

But, if your Holiness shall be too credulous of

the English misrepresentations, and not give firm credit to what we have said, nor desist to favour the English to our destruction, we must believe that the Most High will lay to your charge all the blood lost of souls, and other calamities that shall follow on either hand, betwixt us and them.

Your Holiness in granting our just desires, will oblige us in everie case, where our dutie shall require it, to endeavour your satisfaction, as becomes the obedient sons of the Vicar of Christ.

We commit the defence of our cause to him who is the Sovereign King and Judge ; we cast the burden of our cares upon him, and hope for such an issue as may give strength and courage to us, and bring our enemies to nothing. The Most High God long preserve your Serenity and Holiness to his holy Church.

Given at the Monasterie of Aberbrothock in Scotland, the sixth day of April, in the year of Grace M.CCCXX. and of our said king's reign, the XV. year.

THE END.

EDINBURGH :  
PRINTED BY OLIVER & BOYD,  
HIGH STREET.







